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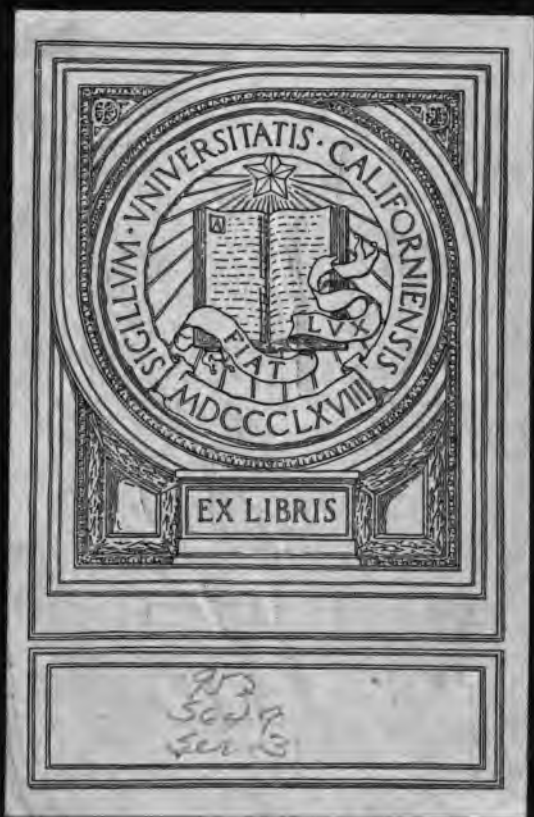
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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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# POEMS

1897

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## PRESS REVIEWS.

*Times*.—"Mr. Horace Smith, whose 'Interludes' were received with favour three years ago, has republished some 'Poems.' They all show observation, thoughtfulness, and a graceful gift of verse. Among the best are quasi-elegiacs called 'Strife,' lines which may perhaps have been inspired by Clough, and which Clough would have admired."

*Athenæum*.—"The feeling of these Hymns reveals a true fervour and sincerity. The author's work shows an earnestness and virility, which in these days should serve as a sufficient reason, if others were wanting, for its welcome."

*Oxford Magazine*.—"Mr. Smith writes with a sensitive appreciation of the beauties of nature, and writes withal in a pleasant and graceful style. The Hymns are distinctly superior to the ordinary hymn."

*Scotsman*.—"Hymns and Psalms distinguished by a simplicity and grace rare in religious poetry."

*Observer*.—"Mr. Smith's style of writing is at once graceful and versatile, and his sacred poetry has the merit of being as simple and unaffected as his boating song."

*Liverpool Post*.—"His correct and polished verse is certainly more pleasant to read than the pretentious ignorances that sometimes serve for poetry in our day."

*Speaker*.—"The lyrics are graceful and charming, the work of a scholar and lover of poetry as well as of one with no small aptitude for the methods of poetry. The Hymns, by the way, have nobility of form and purity of expression."

*Yorkshire Post*.—"They are without exception sweet, genuinely poetic, and good in form."

*Glasgow Herald*.—"These poems are mostly secular, but there are five Hymns and twelve Psalms of quite superior quality. The writer of a good hymn is one in ten thousand. The secular pieces show a marked degree of lyrical ability, . . . strong pieces of blank verse, . . . songs suitable for music that should delight the heart of the composer and singer."

*Manchester Guardian*.—"Never falls below a level of uncommon merit in dexterity of phrase and breeziness of inspiration."

*Western Daily Press*.—"Every lover of good poetry should be able to count these excellent poems amongst the treasures of the library."



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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# INTERLUDES

## FIRST SERIES

BEING

### TWO ESSAYS, A STORY, AND SOME VERSES

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#### PRESS REVIEWS.

*Daily Chronicle*.—"The essays indicate good old-fashioned reading, and are well written."

*Athenæum*.—"His essays on 'Criticism and Luxury' are full of genial good sense, and are illuminated here and there by bits of legal anecdotes. The views he expresses are urged so pleasantly, and with so much modesty, that opposition is disarmed."

*Globe*.—"The essays are on 'Criticism and Luxury,' and show that Mr. Smith has read wisely and well. Perhaps the 'Farrago of Verses' will be best liked and longest remembered by the reader."

*Manchester Guardian*.—"A volume much more agreeable to read than the works of most professional jesters, or, for the matter of that, of some professional big wigs of literature."

*National Observer*.—"In no sense unpleasing . . . have an air of jauntiness which makes them rather amusing in these days of dulness and the New Humour."

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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# INTERLUDES

## SECOND SERIES

BEING

### TWO ESSAYS, A FARCE, AND SOME VERSES

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#### PRESS REVIEWS.

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*Manchester Guardian*.—"The favourable reception (in which we think we had some share) of the first little volume of 'Interludes,' which Mr. Horace Smith issued some time ago, seems to have encouraged him to issue a second. It is always good 'Interlude' work showing reading, sense, sound feeling, and a relish for literature that is literature. Some of the parodies are very neat and happy."

*Academy*.—"He has every right to claim recognition as a teller of good stories. Shrewd, humorous, ludicrous anecdotes trample on each other's heels through seventy delightful pages. We commend the book to the busy man who wants to be amused over his after-dinner pipe. It were hard to find a more genial companion than the author of 'Interludes.'"

*Glasgow Herald*.—"We once before spent a pleasant hour in Mr. Smith's company, and his present little literary variety entertainment is excellent of its kind."

*Leeds Mercury*.—"A new series of 'Interludes'—in a busy legal career—has just appeared, and the slim volume will not disappoint those who remember the shrewd, common-sense, and fine literary flavour of its predecessor."

*Scotsman*.—"The book is a small one, but it is never dull, and its versatility keeps a reader's attention pleasantly engaged throughout. It is the very book for a desultory reader. One who has once begun to read the book is sure to go right through with it."

*Globe*.—"Inspired by good sense, and enlivened by anecdote and literary allusion."

*Athenæum*.—"Will be welcome to those who found pleasure in the first."







# **INTERLUDES**

**(THIRD SERIES)**

**BEING**

**TWO ESSAYS, A GHOST STORY, AND SOME  
VERSES**







# INTERLUDES

(THIRD SERIES)

BEING

TWO ESSAYS, A GHOST STORY, AND  
SOME VERSES

BY

HORACE SMITH

*1899*

*THE  
MACMILLAN COMPANY*

London

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1899



GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS BY  
ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO.



## PREFACE.

IN the Preface to my volume of "Poems" published in 1897, I seized the opportunity of thanking my critics for their kindly welcome of my "Interludes." I now have further to thank them for their still heartier appreciation of my "Poems." With some temerity I challenged their approval of the Sacred Verses; and I am rather surprised, and much pleased to find that they meet with general acceptance. That they are not as good as they ought to be is very certain, and I wish they were better.

IVY BANK, BECKENHAM,  
*April, 1899.*

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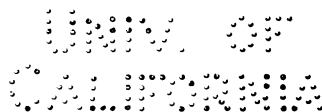
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## ESSAYS.

### EMPLOYMENT OF LEISURE.

SOME people are so rich that they can find constant employment in managing their wealth; others are so poor that all their time and energy are exhausted in endeavouring to earn a living; but almost all men, rich or poor, have some intervals of leisure. The employment of these intervals of leisure is a matter of some importance. Sir Fitzjames Stephen says: "Enjoyment forms a small and unimportant element in the life of most men." Enjoyment (alas!) may form a *small* element in the life of most men, but is it *unimportant*? I venture to say that it is not only important but essential to anything like happiness. The millionaire who had spent his life in heaping up riches, upon his death bed remarked: "I am now very sorry that I have not sufficiently enjoyed myself during these many years." This does not seem very edifying; but I believe that many a man might say the same thing in a different sense, and from a different motive. "I am very sorry I have not duly considered that relaxation

A



and enjoyment are things which no man can neglect  
with impunity."

If I can assist any person in attaining to a wholesome enjoyment of their leisure moments, I shall feel that I have done something for their benefit, something which will entitle me to write M.D. or F.R.C.S. after my name for the future.

Goethe devoted a great deal of his attention to the question of choice of a career. He thought that most men failed to choose the fitting line of life, and that this failure was the cause of great unhappiness. This is no doubt very true ; but, after all, work of any sort, though congenial to the taste at first, will always have a tendency to become monotonous and wearying ; and, in the end, one is tempted to say, all work is pretty much alike ; and even work, which to the outside beholder appears to be most delightful, becomes tedious in time.

**“Poor Peggy hawks roses from street to street**

Till—think of that who find life so sweet!—

She hates the smell of a rose."

It would be well if all men, having taken Goethe's advice, and chosen a suitable calling, were to consider next how they can best employ their intervals of leisure. How very few young persons seriously consider this question, and how very few older persons think of it for themselves or for the young! As for thinking of it for themselves, no doubt middle-aged or old people are constantly regretting that they do not know how to occupy their leisure hours: "Oh, if I had only learnt to play the piano! Oh, if I could only go out sketching! Oh, if I only cared to read, or carve in wood, or even



darn stockings, how much happier I should be!" Let us all take courage—Dr. Johnson read the whole of Virgil's works at the age of seventy-four. Macaulay, a year before his death, rubbed up his German, and engaged an Italian master. Dr. Temple was made Archbishop of Canterbury when he was seventy-five. Neither Anthony Trollope nor his mother Frances began to write novels till they were fifty, nor De Foe till he was fifty-eight. The world did not know what a great painter Mr. Brabazon was till he was nearly seventy; and Titian, at ninety-nine, said that he was only just beginning to know how to paint. Young wrote his best poetry after he was sixty; and Tennyson not his worst after he was eighty. Sir Fitzjames Stephen began to learn Spanish after he was sixty, and had had a stroke of paralysis; and W. H. Smith did not *begin* his political career until he was fifty.

It must be admitted that there are some people in the world who are so incorrigibly dull and stupid that it is mere waste of time to suggest to them any recreation beyond the public-house or the cock-pit; but any man with a capacity for and habit of working can develop a capacity for and a habit of recreation. Moreover, a man who is habitually idle has no appreciation of the delights of leisure. It was said of a Fellow of some college: "The little time that he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties"; so that, no doubt, his time may have been fully occupied, but his life must have been a trifle dull.

"It is the idle," says Sir John Lubbock, "who complain that they cannot find time to do that which they



fancy they wish. In truth, people can generally make time for what they choose to do ; it is not really the time but the will that is wanting ; and the advantage of leisure is mainly that we may have the power of choosing our own work, not certainly that it confers any privilege of idleness." And, truly, Sir John may be said to be writing from experience. Banker, statesman, patron and chairman of all sorts of societies, political economist, natural historian, botanist, geologist, astronomer, essayist, (and I know not how many other things besides !) he seems to find time for everything. He regards time as something precious and not to be wasted. You must neither *waste* him nor *beat* him, as the Mad Hatter said, and "if you only keep on good terms with him he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock."

So far it has been sought to establish two propositions : firstly, that it is desirable to find employment for leisure ; and secondly, that, with very few exceptions, all men can find leisure time.

"Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,  
Each day of business has its hour of leisure."

There is a great difference between the healthy employment of leisure and that extremely fatuous and foolish process called "killing time." The man who turns from his work to the task of "killing time" till labour recommences, will not enter upon his interlude with much hope, or come from it with much cheerfulness. Many and various are the methods employed to kill Time. Some men endeavour to kill him by

"Smoking perennial pipes and spitting" ;

others by prolonging their meals, or drinking to an



inordinate extent. Prior, the poet, after spending the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale with a common soldier and his wife before he went to bed. Rochester, the fine gentleman and poet, was for five years together continually drunk. Gay writes, "We have a young lady here who is but seventeen, and has £30,000 to her fortune, but she places all her wishes on a pot of good ale." The Heaven-born Minister often drank too much. One day in the House it was evident that he was hardly in a fit state to make a speech. So distressing appeared his condition that one of the clerks of the House said that it made him feel ill, and had given him a headache. "An excellent arrangement," said Pitt, "I have the wine, and he has the headache." The same great Prime Minister diverted himself by allowing his friends to smear his face with burnt cork, and appearing in that condition before two Secretaries of State, who had come to transact the business of the Government. Walpole relates how the Royal Princesses pulled a chair away upon which a grand lady was going to sit, and she in revenge pulled the King's chair from under him. The days of practical joking are happily at an end. Manners have changed for the better since then. Lord Carlisle writes to George Selwyn, "I rise at six, play cricket till dinner, and dance in the evening, till I can scarcely crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with your dog till twelve in your dressing-gown; then creep down to White's; are five hours at table; sleep till supper-time; and then make two wretches carry you in a



sedan chair, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling." I prefer the life led by the cricketer to that of the man of fashion; but one may have too much cricket as easily as too much claret. J. Phillips, one of the old Minor Poets, when a boy, would sit for hours to have his hair combed instead of joining the other boys in their games. Henry of Valois used to "attire himself like a woman, with silken flounces, jewelled stomacher, and painted face, with pearls of great price adorning his bare neck and breast; and satin slippared feet, of whose delicate shape and size he was justly vain." It is said that "he played at cup and ball as he walked," though I don't quite know how he did *that*; but he told his beads in the same perambulatory fashion, and no doubt he was "*capable de tout*." One of the kings of Spain used to delight in visiting the dead bodies of his ancestors, and opening the lids of their coffins. Charles the Second would appear to have been an adept in the art of killing time. He spent a great deal of his time, we are told, in fondling his lap dogs, and "in chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast and whose vices were the disgrace of three nations." Louis the Thirteenth, at Chambord, invited his companion, "Mettons nous à cette fenêtre, Monsieur, et ennuyons nous." This was the same king of whom it is reported that, upon observing a billet-doux in the breast of his lady-love, he advanced to take it from its enchanting retreat with a pair of fire-tongs. A prince of the blood-royal in France took pleasure in shooting at the passers-by from the roof of his palace. He was three times condemned to death for these wanton murders,



and was three times pardoned. He was not only killing time, but killing other people.

Cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and other like sports were invented, I suppose, mainly to kill time. Spinoza would laugh till he cried again at watching two spiders fight, and I suppose some boys still spin cockchafers upon pins. The consequence of attempting to kill time is very frequently to drive the miserable man to endless dissipation. "Life would be very tolerable," said Sir Cornwall Lewis, "if it were not for its pleasures." A constant round of dissipation is nothing but a weariness to the flesh. Balls, theatres, shows of all sorts, concerts, public meetings, great dinners, may afford relaxation occasionally, but unless used sparingly they become very fatiguing. I heard a little boy about six years old at a small party exclaim, "What, no charades, no conjurer, no magic lantern, and no nothing—oh, I say, won't it be slow!" This young man had become *blasé* at an early age. George the Third was one evening talking in his good-natured way to a grand lady, and asked her if she was not tired of the incessant dissipation of the London season. "Yes," she said, "I have seen and done everything. There is only one thing remains to me to wish for." "What is that?" said the reigning monarch. "A coronation," was the unfortunate reply.

The pursuit of pleasure at popular baths, sea-side resorts, foreign spas, etc., is a form of killing time. Change of scene and air, of course, is a very good thing at times; but the constant recurrence of the same whirl of excitement, the same scheming and pushing, the same rivalry and show, which has been going on



all the year, only in a new situation, is no change at all, but a continuation of the same wearisome delusion. "Make them like unto a wheel," was a terrible curse.

Gambling is a mode of killing time, from which no good effects to mind or body will accrue. There is excitement enough and to spare. But it is like dram-drinking, constantly calling for more and more, and fatally exhausting the energy and nerve of the performer. The wretched man hates it while he takes it, but yet he craves for it. It becomes like the Scotch lad's porridge, "It is sour, burnt, gritty, cold; and, d—— it, there is never enough of it." Moreover, the gambler cares little for the exercise of skill in the game, or even of cunning in calculating the chances; his whole mind is eager on the spoil, and on the lookout for mere luck. All honest men regret the prevalence of the spirit of gambling. It is a remarkable fact that Thackeray always alludes to gaming as an extinct sport: "The gaming table has lost all its splendour. Play is a deposed goddess, her worshippers bankrupt, and her table in rags." Alas, the history of the last thirty years tells a different tale!

This desire to kill time affects only the idle. A life all leisure would be a very dull thing. If we had nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves, we should probably be bored to death.

"Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance desires."

We should be for ever seeking for some new pleasure, and always disappointed in the possession of it.



“Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades: ‘How charming is a park!’  
The park is purchased; but the fair he sees  
All bathed in tears: ‘Oh, odious, odious trees!’”

The “Employment of Leisure” is a different thing. It is the reasonable filling up of the gaps between work and work. But, while I protest against the foolishness of killing time, I must not be thought to insist upon laborious dulness as a duty. “Our nation,” says Helps, “the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness—it is almost a religion.” I think that a certain amount of frivolity thrown into life, by way of giving it a flavour, would be of great advantage. The portentous gravity of many Englishmen is only a cloak for their dulness. “Gravity,” said some French wit, “is a mysterious carriage of the body to cover a defect in the mind.” Many a man’s life would have been longer, and better spent for himself and for his kind, if he had allowed himself relaxation, amusement, and frivolity. Lawyers are a strong instance of this. Their work is hard, engrossing, and incessant, except for a vacation, which few have the capacity or taste to employ in real relaxation.

Thackeray says of Mr. Paley of the Upper Temple: “He could not cultivate a friendship or do a charity, or admire a work of genius, or kindle at the sight of beauty or the sound of a sweet song; he had no time, and no eyes for anything but his law books. All was dark outside his reading-lamp. Love, nature, and art (which is the expression of our praise and sense of the beautiful world of God) were shut out from him; and as he turned out his lonely lamp at night he



never thought but that he had spent the day profitably, and went to sleep alike thankless and remorseless." All lawyers, however, are not alike. Lord Brougham was so exceedingly versatile that O'Connell said of him that "if he only knew a little *law* he would know a little of everything." Lord Campbell says that "English lawyers are generally in their retirement left without mental resources, and waste their declining years in frivolous and vain regrets." Sir Samuel Romilly said, "As soon as I found I was to be a busy lawyer for life, I strenuously resolved to keep up my habit of non-professional reading; for I had witnessed as much misery in the last years of many great lawyers whom I had known, from their loss of all taste of books, that I regarded their fate as my warning." I have, on another occasion,<sup>1</sup> quoted a remarkable passage from the *Life of Darwin*, where he bewails the loss of all taste for music, poetry, or painting, by reason of his intense and continuous application to the minute details of natural history. A lady one evening at dinner in vain tried every topic of conversation with the great lawyer who sat next to her. At last, in despair, she exclaimed, "Pray, Mr. Blank, what *do* you take an interest in?" "Criminal law!"

In the employment of his leisure every man should cheerfully follow his own bent. "The labour we delight in physics pain." There should be an *abandon*—a free and joyous seizing upon opportunities as they arise. "In studies," says Lord Bacon, "whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself, let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let

<sup>1</sup> See "Essay on Character," *Interludes*, 2nd Series.



him take no care for any set times, for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves."

If after a hard day's work we trot out our favourite hobby horse, and, mounting briskly into the saddle, have a real good burst upon him, we come back to work looking quite rosy and perky. The employment should be one, as Stevenson says, "into which a man will plunge with ardour, and will desist with reluctance; in which he will know the weariness of fatigue, but not that of satiety, and which will be ever fresh, pleasing, and stimulating to the taste."

The word "Recreation" is frequently used to denote some silly and frivolous mode of idleness. Its proper meaning is something which re-creates, and, used in that sense, it is a good word. No doubt it is desirable, if possible, to employ leisure in something which re-creates, but my subject occupies even a wider field. Leisure may be employed in work of some sort which does not lend itself to re-creation. Provided that the strength of the man is equal to the task, he may well employ his leisure in hard work, and be all the stronger and better for it, but this is the privilege of few, and for most men I think leisure employments should be re-creative. Happy is the man who is able to devote his leisure to the study of some science outside of his own profession, who has strength and energy enough to study chemistry, geology, natural history, or botany. Time will fly only too swiftly and happily with such a man.

If one were to consult any doctor of experience and ability he would say that a man should let his leisure employment be a sort of complement to his ordinary



avocation. For instance, if the ordinary avocation is sedentary, the leisure should be devoted to active employment; if, on the contrary, the ordinary employment is of a physically arduous nature, the leisure time should be devoted to some restful amusement. This would be, however, a sort of "counsel of perfection." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the sedentary man will prefer sedentary diversions, and the active man will prefer active diversions; and the present writer is not a doctor, but only a would-be cheery philosopher, who counsels everybody to do as they like, and only aspires to assisting them to do so. By all means (if you can) contrive to vary mental with physical exercise; but, when you cannot do that, you may at least vary the monotony of your work by a variety of amusement suited to your general tastes. Thus it might be difficult to persuade an artist, or musician, or poet to devote a proper amount of time to cricket, lawn-tennis, or golf; but it ought not to be difficult for any one of these to spend some pleasant hours in trying his hand at the other's trade. So it would be labour lost to ask a blacksmith, a carpenter, or a navvy to spend much time upon literature, or music, or art; but any one of them would find pleasure in wood carving, or netting. It would be useless for a man to seek about to find a recreation for which he has no sort of taste. The barrel organs, to which the little gutter urchins dance with glee, drove Babbage and John Leech perfectly wild with agony. A ship was called "a prison" by Dr. Johnson, and is so to many a man, while to many others it is a place of unexampled delight and refreshment.



Mr. Winkle derived no pleasure from either riding or skating.

Every man must consult his own taste in the choice of his pleasures, and need not assume too readily that what pleases his friend will necessarily please himself; nor, on the other hand, should he think foul scorn of something in which his neighbour delights. "We are all tempted," says Stevenson, "to frown upon our neighbour's pleasures." In truth we cannot understand them, and we feel an irresistible inclination to interfere, and to stop our neighbour's foolish habit. A gentleman visiting a church asked the sexton, "Do persons ever use this church for private prayer?" "Yes," he replied, "I ketched two of them at it once."

"When the burglar's not a-burgling, not a-burgling,  
He loves to hear the little stream a-gurging, a-gurging."

And upon the other hand there have been many instances of persons engaged in perfectly honest and remunerative trades, who have nevertheless employed their leisure in picking pockets or committing burglaries. Not long ago two youths, fifteen years of age, were brought before me charged with picking pockets. One was a very bad boy indeed, and had been three times convicted. The other was a very smart-looking and handsome lad, well dressed, and in excellent employment in the city at a large jeweller's shop. His employer stated that the lad had been employed by the firm for six months, that he had been entrusted with jewellery, cheques, money, registered letters, and had faithfully and punctually performed his duty. These young lads had successfully robbed a lady of £4,



and the detective said that he had watched them in a crowd for half-an-hour, and had seen one of them put his hand into thirty different ladies' pockets, whilst the other covered him or kept watch. There is no doubt much that may be said in favour of this mode of employing one's leisure. It seems to afford all that pleasurable relaxation of mind and of body which is so much to be desired by all honest toilers; but as, unfortunately, I hold Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace, I must not let my imagination run away with me on this interesting topic.

So far this Essay has endeavoured to establish four propositions, viz. first, that most men can find leisure; secondly, that it is desirable to employ it well; thirdly, that killing time is not employing leisure; fourthly, that the employment should be renovating, neither silly nor laborious, but suited to our needs and tastes.

It remains to mention a variety of ways in which leisure may be so employed; but there is a fifth proposition which is most important to bear in mind, and it is this, that no employment is interesting unless and until you can acquire some proficiency or dexterity in it. This is mostly forgotten; and people expect to find pleasure in doing something which they see others do, and are sadly disappointed to discover that they get no pleasure from it when they try it themselves; and the reason (although perhaps they do not know it) is because by nature or by lack of knowledge they cannot perform the thing at all satisfactorily.

"Minds that have little to confer,  
Find little to receive."

You must bring something with you, either a natural



taste for the pursuit you are to engage upon, or you must by perseverance acquire dexterity, and then the pleasure will come.

For those whose duties are of a sedentary nature, leisure hours are well employed in health-giving sports and pastimes, such as riding (in various ways), fencing, fishing, shooting, swimming, driving, sailing, rowing, cricket, cycling, football, golf, tennis, rackets, fives, hockey, etc., and other less practised sorts of games, as quoits, knurr and spell, or rounders. The worst thing about these sports is that they fail us in middle life and old age. They each have merits of their own, tending not only to enjoyment, but also to the strengthening of mental and moral fibre. They have their votaries. Who does not know persons who are positively mad upon golf, or cricket, or football, or fox-hunting? To the uninitiated stranger many of these sports appear to be somewhat of the Spartan order:

“There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off.”

An Oriental potentate expressed his surprise on learning that the thirteen cricketers before him were probably all rich men. He exclaimed, “Why don’t they pay someone to do it for them?” It is also reported that the *dissecta membra* of a football team had to be removed from the ground in hampers. But I think of all maniacs the fisherman is the most absolutely and irremediably insane. “Angling is,” says Isaac Walton, “after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and begets habits of peace and patience.”



And I suppose it is all this though one catches no fish for a week. Dean Nowell spent "a tenth part of his time in angling ; and the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to Heaven by many, nor by hard questions, like an honest angler, made that good honest unperplexed Catechism, which is printed with our good old Service Book."

Some of these sorts of relaxation, viz. those of a physical character, are hardly to be compassed by men of very modest means. One of the most delightful of them is travel, and, of course, especially foreign travel. Another is yachting, another hunting, another shooting, especially big game in Asia or Africa—and even fishing, if good, is expensive.<sup>1</sup> The delights of all of these do not need to be extolled ; but, on the contrary, it may be useful to observe that persons engaged in very expensive recreations often derive less pleasure from them than others do from more moderate diversions.

Amongst active and health-giving diversions, I must give a high place to gardening ; and it has one great advantage, that the poorer a man is (unless he be an absolute pauper) the greater pleasure he can get out of gardening. If he is a rich man his gardeners manage his garden and himself too. "God Almighty first planted a garden ; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." But Lord Bacon seemed (as such a very rich and extravagant man naturally would do) to contemplate only the passive enjoyment which a garden may yield, having been ordered, planted, and watered by others.

<sup>1</sup> Antiquarian, geographical, or wide natural history researches are also beyond the reach of most men.



The greatest delight of gardening, however, is to dig the soil oneself; and to sow the seed, or plant the flower or shrub; to water and tend it till it comes to perfection; or, if it fail, to begin over again and hope for better things. Descartes employed his leisure in cultivating a small garden; Walpole in the cultivation of mangel wurzel; Horace Walpole and Shenstone in laying out expensive and elaborate gardens; Dean Hole and Walsingham in the cultivation of roses; Gladstone in cutting down trees. The great Washington writes: "How much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vainglory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquest."

There is some difficulty in placing billiards in any category. As a physical exercise it is very poor; and as its destiny dooms it to be performed in a cloud of tobacco smoke, the exercise is not healthy. Yet it has many good points, and ought not to be despised, though it seems to be going out of fashion. It is good practice for eye and hand, for ingenuity of planning and nerve in executing; and I know of nothing which gives a better fillip to an overworked brain.

Some sort of amusement may doubtless be obtained by the keeping of tame creatures. A pet dog, or even a cat, is a resource. So are birds in an aviary. Bees too are interesting. Sir Thomas More kept a fox, a monkey, a ferret, and a weasel in his house at Chelsea. Rossetti kept a racoon, a wombat, a woodchuck, and a Brahmin bull and a lot of other creatures. Pepys had in his house two dogs, an eagle, a canary,



and a blackbird that whistled tunes. Mr. Justice Hawkins used to take a little dog on circuit with him. When I was a boy at home I one day went to Covent Garden Market and purchased a hawk, an owl, and a hedgehog. I put them all in one room for the night, the hawk being in a wicker cage, the other two creatures free. In the morning I found the hedgehog had bitten its way through the wicker cage and had eaten the whole of the hawk except its head, and the owl had vanished in dismay up the chimney. The keeping of tame creatures, except for purposes of scientific observation, approaches very nearly to the killing of time.

There are many other ways in which the sedentary or studious man may, if he will, divert and invigorate his mind by some mechanical or physical pursuit. Carpentering, wood-carving, lathe-turning, are all very engrossing pursuits to those who have or can acquire any taste for them. Charles the Fifth spent his leisure in the making of watches and mechanical puppets. When the Bastille was being destroyed, King Louis the Sixteenth

“heard it as calm as you please,  
And like a majestical monarch  
Kept filing his locks and his keys.”

George the Third was very fond of drawing maps. Cardinal Richelieu diverted himself by jumping up a wall in competition with his valet. De Gramont used to assist in these diversions; but, being a courtier, he took good care not to jump as high as the Cardinal, and was consequently exalted to very high places at the Court. Samuel Clarke, the logician, used to leap over



tables and chairs; and Richardson, the author of *Clarissa*, used to bob up and down on a "chamber horse," a sort of leathern seat upon four legs and a strong spring.

For indoor amusements, many are perhaps too trivial to employ much time, and yet may afford relaxation at odd moments; and opportunities of learning new games ought not to be let slip. Chess, draughts, backgammon, at which Martin Luther would play for two hours every day after dinner; games at cards, of which whist is the king, private theatricals, charades, spelling bees, capping verses, cross questions and crooked answers, throwing cards into a hat, or a bag of beans through a hole in a plank, and a thousand other games are useful at times; but for constant employment they are of small account. Wood-carving, lathe-turning, drawing, etching, engraving, photographing, carpentering, wire or leather working are far more permanently interesting.

No amusement is so universally a favourite as dancing. When young people meet together and begin to dance they can be thoroughly happy for a long time. The great draw-back to dancing at the present day is the affectation which seems inseparable from it. The room must be so crowded that no one can stir; the dresses, floral decorations, music, supper, must be so expensive that no one can afford them; the hour must be so late that no one can preserve a moderate degree of health; the dances must be of a certain fashion, and the programmes must be arranged beforehand, and indeed the programmes filled up before the dancing begins, so that there is little joyousness and spontaneity about the proceedings. All young people should learn to dance, and to dance well.



“And thus till night that our musick came, and the Office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan came, and also Will Howe and two gentlemen strangers, which, at my request yesterday, he did bring to dance, called Mr. Ireton and Mr. Starkey. We fell to dancing and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the musick being Greeting, and another most excellent violin and theorbo, the best in town. And so with mighty mirth, and pleased with their dancing of jigs afterwards several of them; and, among others, Betty Turner, who did it mighty prettily; and, lastly W. Batelier’s ‘Blackmore and Blackmore Mad’; and then to a country dance again, and so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cousin Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cousin Turner, her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab, Betty, and Betty Turner in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maid’s bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman’s bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle bed; and Tom where he uses to lie.” The locality of Tom’s bed is not described with any accuracy. It may be presumed that he slept on the floor.

I have been speaking hitherto of health-giving amusements, but now I turn to more distinctly intellectual pursuits. How happy is that man who has attained sufficient knowledge in any science to be able to engross



himself in his pursuit of more. In astronomy, natural history, geology, chymistry, what endless realms of wonder and interest lie in front of the seeker. I am inclined to think, however that it is not given to many men to have the scientific mind, and that very few can acquire it by education. I think very little of mere collecting of specimens (*per se*), unless it be with an earnest scientific purpose. The collector of pictures, china, autographs, stamps, birds' eggs, butterflies, or beetles is too apt to assume that every one takes the same interest in his specimens which he himself affects. He

"draws

His treasures forth, soliciting regard  
To this, and this, as worthier than the last,  
Till the spectator, who awhile was pleased  
More than the exhibitor himself, becomes  
Weary and faint, and longs to be released."

In so far as the collector is advancing his own learning or that of others, nay, even in so far as he is pleasing himself, he is employing his leisure; but there are many persons who are endowed with the bump of acquisitiveness, and who seem to be incapable of restraining this tendency, though they derive no real pleasure from its exercise. Horace Walpole's collections of everything upon earth, at Strawberry Hill, are a notable instance of this kind of infatuation. A certain Mr. Tasker, a short time ago, had a fortune of about £700,000 left him, and in less than one month he had spent over £100,000 in jewels and trinkets, for his own sole use and benefit. He acquired in this way the Agra diamond, which was described to be "a gem, whose delicate hues may be said to distil



the odorous perfume of a new born rose filled with the face of heaven"; he also purchased a model of the Holy City for £1500, and a model of his own yacht for £550, amongst other small trinkets. But it is certain many persons, male and female, are very much addicted to purchasing all sorts of articles for which they have no use, and which, when acquired, afford them no pleasure or gratification whatever.

I shall not be thought willing to underrate the pleasures of reading. Nothing is more soothing, when one is weary with hard work, (even though the work may be hard reading or writing) than to throw oneself back in an easy chair with a book one loves. There is a friendship in books. That very wise and good man, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, wrote on this subject, throwing, as it was usual with him, a new and interesting light upon it. He points out that Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton and others really are our companions; and they are talking to us about ourselves, and we are asking them questions about ourselves, and hearing their answers. It may be Portia, or Macbeth, or Othello, or Jacques; or it may be the Red Cross Knight, or Sir Guyon, or Britomart; or it may be Satan, or Adam, or Michael who are ostensibly speaking; but it is really Shakespeare, Spenser, or Milton holding converse with their reader. Let me confess that I like to have a pipe with my book—why not? There are two great advantages in a taste for books: there is an endless quantity of them, and the taste increases rather than diminishes as we grow old. It is a taste which, when once acquired, stays by us to the end of our life.

Yet here, more than in any other pursuit, comes



in the question of knowledge. Those who read only to learn hard facts, or be entertained by thrilling events or startling jokes, will very soon come to an end of their reading. The real persistent reader is one who understands what writing is. The style, the rhythm, the ease and grace with which the language is handled, the wealth of the images, the tone of the thought, the modesty and dignity of the phrases please him on every page, in every line. It is a wonderful thing to think of the education, hard work, pains, and time which a writer has devoted to a page or a sentence, and then to reflect that hundreds will read it without the faintest perception that it is in any degree superior to their ordinary conversation.

That distractingly charming little girl, Marjory Fleming, writes: "I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me. You can't conceive it! The most devilish thing is 8 times 8; and 7 times 7 is what nature itself can't endure." No doubt after that she would find her leisure moments much lightened by the *Newgate Calendar*, which she says "is very instructive. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." Different persons certainly will have different ways of relieving their minds after their arduous duties. "Business first and pleasure afterwards," as Richard the Third said, when he killed t'other king in the Tower, and then went and smothered the infants. All readers should read first-class books as far as they are able, and if they will cultivate their taste they will find increased pleasure in reading good books, and the number of good books is happily as great as the number of bad ones.



Akin to the pleasure of reading is that of writing. Of course I am not now speaking of hard work, but of leisure. I have written as many dull law books as any one, but I have not derived much pleasure from the process; but writing what one wills and when one likes is a very pleasurable process, especially the writing of verse. I do not know, however, whether I can recommend writing to every one. It is surprising how many great folks have found pleasure in it. Mr. Gladstone wrote upon everything under the sun. Mr. Balfour writes philosophy as he travels by railway train. Lord Rosebery, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Lytton (two of them), Lord John Russell, Mr. Trevelyan, and many others have written biographies or other matters in their leisure hours. Sir Walter Raleigh was by trade and occupation a soldier, a courtier, and a navigator; but he devoted his leisure to writing, amongst other smaller treatises, a voluminous *History of the World*. Sir John Lubbock I have already mentioned. Woolmer wrote *My beautiful Lady*, Du Maurier has written several novels, and William Morris wrote poetry while manufacturing wall papers.

Yet, to be sure, we cannot always be reading or writing. It would neither be good for mind nor body.

“Books, ’tis a dull and endless task,  
Come, hear the woodland linnet.”

Very well, let us take a walk in the country. But it is to be feared that very few persons take much pleasure in a country walk, pure and simple. “Sir,” said Dr. Johnson, “let us take a walk down Fleet Street.” Lamb, too, delighted in the purlieus of Covent Garden, and the cabbage stalks of the costermongers.



Old Chief Baron Pollock was caught staring into the shop windows in the Strand after his retirement. He declared he had no idea they were so interesting. But, for your country walk, you require knowledge which is really quite rare. Many people do not know the names of the trees or common shrubs or flowers, nor, of course, their habits. They may know wheat from barley, and possibly mangel from turnip, but they know nothing about them. Englishmen have commonly some slight knowledge about horses, cows, dogs, pigs, and poultry; but very few know the appearance or the note of any of the wild birds, or anything about their habits. Nor does one man in a hundred know or care about any wild animal, or grub, or insect.

Two average young men might go out for a walk of twelve miles, and enjoy themselves in the exuberance of their animal spirits; and yet, on their return, they would be unable to tell you whether oaks, or ashes, or elms, or beeches had the more abounded in the district over which their ramble had extended. They would have noticed, perhaps, any wild animal which suddenly crossed their path. I once went a country walk with two friends, when, suddenly, we saw a creature run across the lane. "What is it?" we asked. We were not country-bred enough to know, but our wits were excited. "How do you know it's not a stoat?" said one. "Because it's stoatally different," said another. "Then how do know it's not a weasel?" said one. "Because it's so weasily distinguished," said another. The joke afterwards got into *Punch*. But I remember to this day the magnificence of the May bushes, and their fragrance, and the brilliance of the



green grass in the meadows, and I remember that we all wished we could better understand the beauty which shone around us.

When you go out for a walk, can you trace the nature of the ground upon which you tread? What is its history? What could it teach you if it could tell? Has fire or water passed over it? Have glaciers or forests covered it? Do you know the chemical properties of the different minerals, or of the different herbs which are round about you? Knowledge is not only power, it is pleasure. Yes; a country walk may be a dull thing to an ignorant man; but to a trained intelligence, even without deep or accurate knowledge, the road cannot be dull. At every moment a fresh interest is started in animal, mineral, or vegetable.

Also I would desire that the eye and the ear should be trained to be alert. I have known people gaze for some minutes at a still lake or pool, and never even see the reflections in the water, though, of course, the image must have fallen upon the retina of their eyes. I have known people walk in the fields and not notice that a thrush, a lark, or a yellow-hammer was discoursing most eloquent music. The artist sees a hundred lovely shapes and colours as he rambles about, and the poet hears all sorts of voices as he lies under the trembling leaves of the beech tree.

Drawing and sketching are most invaluable resources for leisure hours; and they have this further advantage, that they teach habits of observation, and so make many things more interesting. I know not why it is, but there seems to be a lurking desire in the minds of many persons to disparage amateur drawing. It is



thought to be unmanly, and has been the subject of many jests. We have all heard of the tombstone, which, after advertising all the virtues of the dear departed, added as a climax, "She also painted in water-colours, and of such is the kingdom of heaven." I remember a spicy article in the *Saturday Review* upon the death of a bishop, which described him as an amiable nonentity, and concluded by saying, "He showed, we believe, an elegant taste in water-colour drawing, the flat effects and neutral tints of which art were no doubt admirably suited to his character and disposition."

A great deal of amusement may be obtained by drawing indoors, and even by candlelight. The Marchioness of Waterford used to employ much of her time in that manner, and produced many beautiful drawings. The famous Marquis of Bute was great at architectural drawing. Sarah Bernhardt had an exhibition of her paintings. Sir Prescott Hewitt and Mr. Tomes, the dentist, were both of them distinguished water-colour painters, and I can remember that John Parry prevailed upon Creswick to teach him to paint.

In some form or other, in some degree more or less, almost every person could take delight in music. Yet how strangely incapable from idleness, prejudice, or want of education, most people are of any effort to amuse or interest themselves or others by music. You may find a room full of fashionable people, men and women, and hardly one or two will be able to perform in any way. Yet, perhaps, a few village lads from the parish church choir might put them to shame. I have noticed that Germans, Italians, and Welsh people



(and I dare say there are others) when thrown together easily join in singing glees and choruses. Lancashire and Yorkshire people are not far behind; but much more might be done by early training to fit young people—not to be brilliant performers at the Albert Hall—but to be ready and willing, nay, delighted, to join, at once and without preparation, in taking part by solo, duet, or glee singing, in the pleasurable relaxation of song.

Numbers of pleasant hours may be spent in playing upon a favourite instrument of music—such as the violin or piano—always, let it be said, agreeably to the person performing, and often, it may be hoped, agreeably to other persons. I am bound to say with respect to musical persons that they are rather apt to insist that, at all times and in all places, their favourite hobby-horse should be drawn out and mounted; and to regard any person, who is not absolutely enchanted by the performance, as a heathen and a Philistine. Moreover, they appear to be generally unwilling to allow any one to enjoy any music which is not exactly in vogue amongst their particular set. Subject to these ill-natured criticisms, I admit that there is no more delightful way of employing leisure than in performing or listening to music.

Frederick the Great devoted much time to playing on the flute. In the latter elegant accomplishment the celebrated Dick Swiveller indulged himself, sitting up in bed, and endeavouring to assuage the sorrows of his heart after discovering that Sophy Wackles was lost to him for ever. The only tune he could play, however, was, “Away with Melancholy”; and he is described by Dickens as being “but imperfectly



acquainted with the instrument," so that his mode of employing his leisure must have made him a sad nuisance to his neighbours. Politian sang airs to his lute; George the Third had Handel played to him when nothing else could soothe him; Judge Jeffreys (Heaven save the mark!) was so fond of music, that he was chosen arbitrator in a dispute between the Inner and Middle Temple as to the respective merits of the organs of Harris and Father Smith. The present German Emperor and the late Prince Consort are instances of men, who have found time to interest themselves, and to gratify others by their music.

There is an art which has almost entirely died out in this busy generation: the art of reading aloud. It has been lost. Almost any one who tries to do it fails. He can neither read clearly, nor sweetly, nor dramatically—in fact, he cannot read at all. How few of the clergy can read the Lessons, or even their own sermons, effectively! There is another art which will soon be forgotten: the art of speech-making. When you, my reader, become a great man (which is sure to happen sooner or later), you will probably be unable to put two words together. Both reading and speaking are to be learnt, but few take the trouble to learn them; but readers, speakers, and hearers might derive much pleasure, if the reading or speaking were easily and happily performed. But in these days, to ask most people to read aloud is to be guilty of cruelty, and to ask almost any one to make a speech is to endanger his life from nervous shock.

John Milton employed his two daughters to read Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and



French. They did not understand one word of what they read, and the fatigue of it must have been maddening. He only left the poor girls £100 each upon his death, which seems a very inadequate remuneration for so much drudgery. Mr. Boffin hired the services of one Silas Wegg to read to him "The Decline and Fall off the Roosian Empire," and seemed to derive great comfort therefrom; while Mrs. Major O'Dowd read the Dean's sermons to the Meejor, whether he asked her or not. "How often has my Mick listened to these sermons," she said, "and me reading in the cabin of a calm."

"O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn."

Yes, reading aloud is a very pleasant art, and very little understood. I think the drawback to it is that it is apt to make the hearer drowsy.

I do not know whether there are many persons who care to learn passages of poetry or prose by heart; but, although the process may be irksome, the reward is great. There are times and places when one is unable to read, write, or move about. In a carriage, or railway train, or in bed, one is very much thrown upon one's resources, and I myself have wiled away many weary hours by repeating long passages of poetry to myself. Macaulay learnt whole books of Homer and Virgil by heart; and even went so far as to learn the names of all the peerage, and the titles of their eldest sons.

There are two other modes of employing leisure,



which also appear to be fast dying out: the art of letter-writing and the art of conversation. Although these accomplishments are not so necessary in modern times, yet they still seem to me to be worth cultivating.

One of the best modes of employing leisure is by the cultivation of friendships.

"A friend once found and his affection tried,  
Grapple him to thy soul with links of steel."

In order, however, to be able to converse with a friend we must cultivate friendship, and not neglect opportunities for forming or fixing friendships; and, because we must of necessity be losing friends, so we ought to be careful to find new ones. "A man, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "must keep his friendships in *constant repair*." It is one of the inevitable misfortunes of old age that friends become scarce. They drop beside us, and the ranks close up; but we feel that our comrades are being taken from us. There is a story told of some old Irishman, who complained, as friend after friend was removed, that there would soon be no one but himself left to follow him to his grave!

In the *Life of Sydney Smith*, by his daughter, Lady Holland, the following pretty scene is described: "One day, when my elder brother and myself were training our beloved Billy (the donkey), with a pocket handkerchief for a bridle, and his head crowned with flowers, to run round our garden, who should arrive in the midst of our sport but Mr. Jeffrey. Finding that my father was out, he, with his usual kindness towards young people, immediately joined in our sport, and, to our infinite delight, mounted our donkey. He was proceeding in triumph, amidst our shouts of



laughter, when my father and mother, in company, I believe, with Mr. Horner and Mr. Murray, returned from their walk, and beheld this scene from the garden door. Though years and years have passed away, I still remember the joy-inspiring laughter that burst from my father at this unexpected sight, as, advancing towards his old friend, with a face beaming with delight and with extended arms, he broke forth in the following impromptu :

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,  
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,  
Short, though not so fat as Bacchus,  
Riding on a little jackass."

Beyond the cultivation of individual friendships we may well employ our leisure in general philanthropy :

"If Time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars near your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?"

I do not know whether the good Samaritan was bound upon a journey of pleasure or of profit, but, at all events, he found leisure to attend to the wants of his neighbour. It is not by any means an easy art to learn—the art of doing good to your neighbour. Even if you have the will, it is not always easy to find the way. A Sunday school teacher asked the top boy of her class, "What is thy duty to thy neighbour?" He replied, "My duty to my neighbour is to *believe in him*." "Go on, next boy!" screamed the exasperated teacher. The difficulty of believing in your neighbour is often a great check to the exercise of philanthropy.



"We went into some of the cottages where the poor people live. Before we went into any, we met an old woman who was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hand and prayed God to bless me—it was very touching. I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity—she sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat. We went on to a cottage to visit old widow Symons, who is past fourscore, with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double. . . . She said, 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' We went into three other cottages, to Mrs. Symons's, who had an 'unwell boy,' then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair's, the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant, who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, you're overkind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I'm happy to see ye looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel',' and, having said she feared she would not see her again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut.'" This is one of the ways in which the greatest lady in the land spends her leisure time:



“Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,  
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height  
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice  
Of comfort and an open hand of help,  
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs  
Revered as theirs.”

To the man employed in physical work relief is easy. He has only to sit still or lie down ; and, having rested, he is ready for work again. But to the man engaged in any mental work such a relief is probably quite insufficient or impossible, he must seek relief in some physical or perhaps different mental employment. But, if he seeks relief in different mental employment, he should be careful to see that it is refreshing. If not, he will end, as A.K.H.B. says, “in having his liver in a bad way, be prone to snub the servants, to box the children’s ears, to think that Britain is going to destruction, and that the world is coming to an end.”

A little quiet thought is a good thing at times, even for a man whose whole work involves mental strain. I am sensible of its dangers. Too much mooning is bad for body and mind ; but I cannot help believing that in this “so-called nineteenth century,” we are in danger of not giving ourselves time for thinking. Even building castles in the air is not so entirely unprofitable as some persons suppose. Lord Macaulay attributed his literary success to his habit of building castles in the air. Any literary work of a high class must require a great deal of meditation. Nor are the pleasures of the “sessions of sweet silent thought” to be despised. There are times when “we can feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness.” Calm thoughts, sound views, healthy emotions do not originate in a



hurry or a fever. There must be seasons of quiescence—the field must be fallow at times.

“O, it is pleasant with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please”;

or perchance

“To dream and dream like yonder amber light,  
That will not leave the myrrh bush on the height.”

But sweet and restful, and even elevating as such moods may be at times, too much indulgence in them would produce an enervating effect.

Some men, when in deep thought, perform some fidgetty trick, to the terrific torture of their nervous companion. Others walk about to and fro like wild beasts in a cage. Some whistle or hum to themselves a tuneless noise. How very much better women manage to employ themselves while they are only thinking! Even if a woman sits doing absolutely nothing, she is at least a pleasant and reasonable object; but a man doing nothing is awkward and grotesque. In Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformation*, the author says: “There is something extremely pleasant and even touching—at least of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use



it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye, that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character. . . . Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied."

Many people fail to enjoy their leisure because, as I have said, they have not been aware that it is necessary to acquire sufficient power or capacity for the employment. Others fail because they are too idle to do anything. "What I wish first," said Lord Bacon, "is to have leisure without loitering." It is a very common habit of mind to think that it is too hot, or cold, or damp to do anything. Or perhaps the place we are in is uninteresting, or the company is dull, or we are "so slack," or some reason or other, equally bad, makes us lazy. Or we may have adopted that detestable view of things which assumes that no good can come of anything we do:

"We have had enough of action and of motion, we."

There must be a capacity for enjoyment. What is the use of a holiday to a man who does not know how to employ it! Numbers of persons are more miserable on a Bank Holiday than on any other day in the year! Some of them (poor souls) get a holiday



so seldom that when it does come they don't know what to make of it. Mr. Egerton, the late vicar of Burwash, told his gardener he might take a holiday. "No," said the man, "I don't think I will, sir, thank ye. The last holiday I took was ten years ago, at Sizes; I saw a many queer things there to be sure, and enjoyed myself amazing; but I never wanted another holiday; but when my old mother goes, heaven bless her, I've a mind to take a holiday for her funeral." The sense of freedom for the day, and the going somewhere, even if packed together like herring in a barrel, seem sufficient for uneducated persons to realize their dreams of a holiday; but for all people, whether educated or not, some more definite aspirations ought to be possible.

If we had more resources in ourselves, more employments for our leisure, we should be better able to bear

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret.  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan."

Certain it is that to do nothing but mope is

"To be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eye'd despairs."

On the other hand, it is equally certain that to the man who keeps his mind bright and his spirits fresh by relaxation—to him,

"A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

This is not the time or place to speak of the consolations of religion; but it is certain that no amount of diversion can make a man happy. As Pascal says, "The Stoics



say, 'Retire within yourselves, there you will find your rest.' Which is not true. Others say, 'Go out of yourselves, seek your happiness in diversion.' Nor is that true, for sickness may come. Happiness is neither outside of us, nor within us. It is in God, outside of us and in us."



## POSSIBILITIES AND VICISSITUDES OF MAN.

“Into this world we come like ships,  
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
For fortune fair or fatal;  
And one little craft is cast away  
In its first little trip in Babbicombe Bay,  
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

“What different lots our stars accord!  
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a lord,  
And that to be shunn'd like a leper!  
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,  
Another, like Colchester native, born  
To its vinegar only, and pepper.”

THERE is undoubtedly a good deal in “our lot.” But we make too much of this view at times. Disraeli and Gladstone were not born to the purple, and yet each of them domineered over the proudest aristocracy in the world. Even they at times felt the disadvantage of not being “to the manner born.” It makes a difference in the chances of life to be well conditioned. When Artexominus wooed Distaffina the following dialogue took place :

“‘He’s but a general, damsel, I’m a King.’  
‘Oh, sir, that makes it quite another thing.’”



As often as not, however, the advantageous position is the very cause of failure; and certainly, in these days and in this free country, it does not so much matter to what we are born as to what influences or accidents we are subjected afterwards. At every moment we are urged in one direction or another. A man's career is like the journey of a railway train. The train leaves the departure platform, but has no sooner started than it crosses various points, at any of which, by the turning of a small handle, it will diverge to towns A, B, and C, or to towns D, E, and F.

In my youth I remember hearing a sermon on the subject of King David. The preacher warned us that we might at any moment commit a murder or other great crime, nay, that it was not at all unlikely we might do so, however improbable it might now seem to us. Who could say that we might not suddenly develop a possibility of evil? If King David was not safe, who dare boast?

On the other hand, it may be observed that no wicked man need despair of reformation; for he cannot tell what his possibilities for good may be:

"So groaned Sir Launcelot in remorseful pain,  
Not knowing he should die a holy man";

and the partner of his guilt

"An Abbess past  
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

It is a curious, if not very profitable, speculation to think what would have happened to any well-known man if things had happened differently. Suppose the



traditional ape had dropped the infant Oliver from the roof of the brew-house, and the fall had made Cromwell a cripple for life. Possibly he might have grown up to be a Habakkuk Mucklewrath, but the Dutch would not have been afraid of him. Suppose Bucephalus had thrown Alexander, as was fully expected, and had permanently shaken his nerves, he would never have wept because he had no more worlds to conquer; but all the world would have conquered *him*. Suppose Clive's twice-snapped pistol had gone off as it ought, and injured him, he might still, perhaps, have cast up the accounts of the East India Company, but he never would have fought the battle of Plassey. At the breaking-out of the Revolution in 1787 Napoleon Buonaparte was so poor that he was obliged to pawn his watch. In a few years he was giving away kingdoms. Suppose the pawnbroker had refused to advance any money on the watch, Napoleon might have been a sansculotte and helped to storm the Bastille, but he might never have conquered at Austerlitz. Suppose Wordsworth's heart had not failed him, as he stood with the foil in his hand ready to kill himself, the *Excursion* would never have been written. Suppose Macaulay had met Wallace in deadly duel, and been shot, we should never have been enthralled by the Great History, or enchanted by the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Suppose Swift had accepted the offer of a Master of Horse in a cavalry regiment, I think he would have fought very savagely against the enemy, but *Gulliver's Travels* would never have scathed all human nature. Lord Justice Bowen very nearly decided to be a soldier. Surely he would have made a very bad



one, as surely as he made a perfect judge. Mr. Justice Hawkins told me that he had fully determined to take to the stage, and he added (as I think very justly) that he would probably have risen to the top of his profession; but he could never have exceeded the dramatic power displayed in his speech in the Arthur Orton case. Erskine was a midshipman and a soldier before he became "the greatest forensic orator that Britain ever produced."

I have half a mind to write a biography of some well-known character, and to pursue it faithfully until I should reach some distinctly marked crisis in his career; and then to make the crucial incident happen differently from the fact, and so to continue and conclude the history as it probably would have happened thereafter. My hero instead of being buried in Westminster Abbey would die in a workhouse, or *vice versa*.

Even the novelist, although his license is large in these days, has not an entirely free hand in evolving the possibilities of his hero. If he lays the scene in the times of William the Conqueror, he cannot make his hero shoot the villain of the novel with a six-chambered revolver; and it would be almost impossible, although something very like it has been attempted, to make the son of an English costermonger become the Grand Lama of Thibet. Nay, the novelist is still further trammelled by his readers' expectations. Charles Dickens was frequently implored not to kill his characters; and Richardson was cursed by a fair correspondent in a truly feminine fashion. "May the hatred of all the young, beautiful, and virtuous for ever be your portion; may your eyes never behold anything



but age and deformity; may you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents; may you be doomed to the company of such, and after death may their ugly souls haunt you! Now make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare!"

It is a matter of every-day experience that events occur which we call fortunate or unfortunate to the man affected by them. "How fortunate it was for so-and-so," we exclaim; or, "How unfortunately it happened that so-and-so could not at that moment," etc. Perhaps we give too much weight to the event, and not enough to the man. "The man should make the hour, not this the man."

"In the worst inn's worst room" lingered and perished alone the gay and brilliant Villiers, while buried with almost regal pomp, the President Garfield, stricken dead by the hand of an assassin, was mourned by the whole of a great nation, who were proud to remember that he was "born in a log hut."

It is worth while to observe that the arrival of the hour is of no account, if the man be not ready to avail himself of it.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or loose our ventures."

And, to the same effect it has been said that "Opportunity has a lock of hair in front, but is bald at the back; if you seize her by the forelock you may



hold her, but if you let her pass you cannot catch again from behind." This is all true enough, but the tide or current in the one case, or the forelock in the other, is not so important as the promptitude and alertness of the man who takes advantage of them. I feel convinced that if precisely the same opportunity recurred, the same result would follow. Shakespeare did not mean that a man has only one opportunity given to him, or, if he did mean it, he was wrong. No doubt there are some opportunities which are hardly likely to recur, as, for instance, where a young man misses his chance of marrying a young woman. As Browning says:

"This could but have been so once,  
Now we've missed it—lost it for ever."

But a man may miss with his first barrel and kill with the second. A parson may be twice offered a bishopric. There was once an actor who could only play one part, viz. the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*. He succeeded so well that, like most successful men, he got quite fat, and had to be displaced. Then he pined and grew quite thin, and was taken on again, and had a *long run*. No, it is happily not true that a man has only one opportunity of going right. Many opportunities arise, and the prompt man seizes all he can by their respective forelocks, but the "slackster" lets them all go by. When the keepers are beating up the pheasants, you may be sure some of them will come your way; but, if you don't keep a sharp look out, it is to little purpose that they are driven over your head.

"Those who know how to employ opportunities



will often find that they can create them; and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our time. There is not one of us" (John Stuart Mill was speaking to the young men at St. Andrews), "who may not qualify himself so to improve the average amount of opportunities as to leave his fellow-creatures some little the better for the use he has made of what he has acquired."

There is another point which seems to me to be worth notice. There are times in a man's career when he has to decide upon some momentous question, some choice between this and that—shall I do this, or shall I not do it? But there are also many daily, hourly recurring trifling matters which are affecting our future lives. "There is scarce any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose," writes Thackeray, "but can look back upon his course of past life and remember some point, trifling as it may have seemed at the time of the occurrence, which has nevertheless turned and altered his whole career."

Look at that baby in yonder cradle. It is only a week old—"A (new-born) darling of a pigmy size." What are its possibilities? Well, there is first of all the question of heredity—the question of racial or of family peculiarity. Undoubtedly, though one cannot now discern the fact, it has the thick lips of its mother, who has African blood in her veins; and, although one could by no means guess it on the view, it has or will have the Roman nose of its father, its grandfather, and great-grandfather. But as it is with the lips or nose, so is it with the mental and moral qualities. It will inherit the deep emotions of its mother,



and the downright straightforwardness of the gentleman with the big nose. This introduces some limitations; but Nature is, like Fortune, very fickle. She may endow a baby with talents, failings, virtues which belong to no ancestor whatever, and may prodigally throw away all the characteristics of all the ancestors. Maud, as we know, inherited the nature of her mother, and her brother the nature of her father. But whether by reason of heredity, or from some other law or accident, it is certain that yonder little baby has already within its little frame all sorts of germs of vices, virtues, talents, feelings which will accompany it, more or less, during the whole of its life. Now what are the possibilities of that infant? Who can tell? Nay, who can say at the end of its career what were its possibilities when it started in life?

“Some mute inglorious Milton there may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.”

But look at the surroundings of that baby! It may be rich or it may be poor. As Sir Hugh Evans says, “Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.”

“But if you are poor—why it's only a pity—  
So needful it is to have money, heigh ho!”

Or the infant may be born in a palace, or in a hovel, in a free country, or in a slave country. It may be surrounded by kind friends, or by bitter enemies. It may have father or mother, good or bad, or it may have lost both. It may have half-a-dozen brothers and sisters, good or bad, or none at all. These, and a hundred other such matters, will not only modify the law of heredity, but will almost abrogate it. Then, too, it must have a name. To be sure its surname is already



settled for it. "What mortal would be a Grub by choice." But its Christian name may have an influence upon its career. "Oh Tristram, Tristram!" "Saint Optat," said the Sacristan, "was a bishop." "I thought so, by heaven," said my father, interrupting him, "how should St. Optat fail?" A young sailor was brought before me for being drunk and disorderly. His name was Horatio Nelson. "It is a great name," said I, "try and live up to it"; and I sent him back to his ship. How could I fine or imprison Horatio Nelson!

Next, as time goes on, the infant will soon have other surroundings, either of its own seeking or forced upon it; and it will be taught, not by the process of direct teaching, but by the pressure of numberless external influences, perhaps unnoticed by other persons.

"Think you with all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking."

And so "the little actor cons another part," and begins to form tastes, purposes, and habits, some of which, though apparently trivial at first, will grow into mastering passions. The possibilities of that infant are most undoubtedly wide, although they have their limitations.

Who has not felt when he has looked at some beautiful child, engaged, perhaps, in some imaginative game with his toys, oblivious of the fact that he is being looked at, unconscious of everything around him, except his own fanciful conceptions of things which are not, but to which he is devoting his whole soul—who, I say, upon seeing this, does not feel with Wordsworth



a sort of pang to think that all this charm must fade away into the dull grey monotone of adult life. Here seem to be possibilities as of a divine being, a spirit capable of passing the barrier between the seen and the unseen, and of helping us to behold the invisible. What do we do with this spirit-child? Alas, what we do is mostly to crush out all that is beautiful, and to plant all that is harsh and formal upon that fertile soil! And to some degree we cannot well help it. If that child could "feed on the roses, and lie in the lilies of life" all its days, it might remain beautiful for ever; but it will have to deal with thorns and thistles mostly, and not with lilies and roses, and so it must grow up hardy and strong, and its beauty must be marred in the process of bringing up. And yet, for all that, we must educate the infant almost from its earliest breath. It must be taught obedience, love, fairness, honesty, truth. It must learn that every wish cannot be gratified, and every bad temper have its way. This is the point which poor parents fail in. Be they ever so poor they contrive to indulge their babies, and treat them merely as pets to be spoilt. What wonder that, before their children reach the age of eight years, they take them before a magistrate as being "beyond control"; or find that they have to flog and ill-treat them instead of playing with them.

One is apt to think that the possibilities of a man are the same as the possibilities of a genius. It seems futile to contemplate the possibilities of a dunce! However that may be, the possibilities of the average man should, at all events, be interesting, and worth improving. The excellency of Dr. Arnold's, and still more



of Mr. Thring's, teaching lay mainly in this, that it encouraged and brought out the averagely dull boy, and gave him an interest in, and a capacity for improvement. The notion, that unless a man at college can take a "First," or a boy at school get into the "Sixth," he had better die and be buried, is a narrow one. A schoolmaster, upon the death of one of his boys, wrote to the bereaved parents, "I am sincerely grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death, but I must inform you that, in any case, he would have had to go down, as he had failed to satisfy the examiners in classical moderations." This was but cold comfort to the parents.

It is well known that the brightest boy does not always make the ablest man, and that the dullest boy burgeons out into a Duke of Wellington. There are often talents which lie latent because nothing has called them forth. A party of undergraduates paid a visit to a lady phrenologist. One of the party evidently, by his long hair and turn-down collar, fancied himself a poet. The rest of the party "ragged" him a good deal before he submitted his phrenological development to the hands of the fair scientist. After examining his bumps for some time, she exclaimed, "Ah, himmense latent talent, but you're a hutter idiot!" The bright and almost angelic looks of a child may not indicate much depth of character; but, beneath the ugly loutish appearance of its companion, may lurk the genius of a Goldsmith or a Cromwell.

There is a sort of heredity, which is not derived from one's immediate progenitors, but is either racial, or historical, or social. If I may so speak, there



is a kind of atmosphere which surrounds us—in which we are born, and which we carry about with us. We are, let us say, Englishmen; or we come of a race or set of persons who have always been honest, or proud, or valiant. We follow the tradition of our fathers. In a “leader” of the *Times*, February 22, 1895, it is said: “Our history has taught us, as history has not taught all other peoples, how immeasurable is the debt we owe to our inherited caste of thought. We feel that our greatness is based upon our character, and that our character is shaped and nurtured by the living faiths our fathers left us.”

Whatever may be the value of the hereditary bias, it is quite certain that even the most marked characteristics of the child may be varied or alleviated by external influence, teaching, or personal effort.

Hazlitt wrote an essay, “On Personal Character,” in which (as it is his manner) he very much overstates the effects of heredity, and underrates those of education and circumstance. “Features,” he says, “alone do not run in the blood; vices and virtues, genius and folly, are transmitted through the same sure but unseen channel. . . . The soul, under the pressure of circumstances, does not lose its original spring, but, as soon the pressure is removed, recoils with double violence to its first position.” How does he know that? It may be true in some instances, but probably only in a few. On the contrary, circumstances induce habits, and habits, good or bad, follow us to the last. Hazlitt did not believe that the “slothful ever becomes active.” I have known dozens of such. He did not believe that “the knave can become honest.” I am



not without hope even in such a case as that. Happily the future of the individual is not bound by fate, or by heredity, or by circumstance, or by teaching, or by climate. We can cultivate our own good qualities if we have any, and, as far as we can get at them, we can do something of the sort for others. It may be we shall fail in our efforts, be they ever so well meant. It is, for instance, a dangerous experiment to select a young person from a lower class, and to push him forward without any very definite prospect in view, only to fit him to be discontented, and unfit for any employment which is likely to offer itself. Too much education—too much fuss and excitement—has often ended in failure, and has produced only that morbid self-consciousness, which induced the Senior Wrangler of the year to rise and bow to the audience when King George entered the theatre. On the other hand, too little education may lead to a disastrous end, such as befel the other undergraduate, who carried out his resolve to let his mind lie fallow for three years. He was *ploughed*. The great thing to be desired is a healthy and vigorous body, and a keen and active mind. There are, however, many known instances where the mind has

“O’er-informed the tenement of clay,”

and yet has triumphed in the end, though that triumph has been evidently obtained by a severe struggle, and at a great cost. Your giant in body and in mind has, I take it, an easy time of it; but you must not expect a dwarf to perform the task of a giant. You may aspire too much as easily as too little. A little scullery maid once announced her intention in the servants’



hall of becoming a nursery governess. "Take my advice," said a powdered menial, "take my advice, 'Arriet, and don't look too 'igh, as I think your talents is more adapted to the kitching."

It seems to be a matter of general observation that success prevails in one family, and failure in another, and it is assumed that chance or destiny is the cause. Probably, if we knew enough of the fortunate or unfortunate family, we might find in heredity or in education the real cause of the difference, if there is any; but as a rule people only say one family is lucky, and the other is unlucky. An old lady in the gallery of the Lyceum, after the curtain had fallen upon the last act of Shakespeare's greatest play, remarked sympathetically to her neighbour, "Them 'Ambleths, sir, seem to have had a deal of trouble in their family." Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell were brothers, and the two Pitts were father and son, and so were the two Scipios; and such families as the Sydneys or the Napiers were no doubt eminently successful. The father of Alfred Tennyson had eight sons and four daughters, "all of them," we are told, "more or less true poets."

But though this observation that talent runs in families is often made, it has nothing very convincing about it. The other observation seems quite as true, that you very seldom find a clever son of a clever father; nay, more, it is often said, "Oh yes, John had all the brains of that family," or "if Mary had only been a boy, she would have been able to carry on the business, but now ——!"

Lord Bacon, and Locke also, believed that a man



might be taught to do or to be anything, and apparently did not lay much stress upon heredity; and, on the whole, I come to the conclusion that the doctrine of heredity is more interesting than convincing; and that the possibilities of a man lie chiefly in what we call education, in its widest sense, *i.e.* as J. S. Mill says, "Whatever helps to strengthen the human being." You, sir, and your good wife are probably both great geniuses; but do not presume too far upon that fact and expect in your children the excellencies of both parents. Or it may be that you are both of you stupid; but I would not therefore have you trust too implicitly to your children being so dull as not to find you out.

Students of natural science are able to tell us much on this question of heredity. The physical and moral qualities of the parent animal descend with something like a fixed certainty upon the offspring. In the vegetable kingdom the principle or law of heredity is even more clearly apparent. In the human race the law is also to be seen; but in the case of animals and vegetables there is no conscience, no active will or capacity for direct choice or conduct. Perhaps it may be argued that even quickness or dulness of conscience, and strength or feebleness of will, may be derived from the ancestor; and probably the observation is sound. But after all is said, there is still the power of choice (be the same more or less), and that power is of great importance, and is in momentary and continual use.

It is said that "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." That is quite true; but I believe that you can make a very fair purse out of a crocodile's



skin. By industriously striving to cultivate the human soil you may make it grow a good crop. The fens of Lincolnshire were not exactly propitious, but the Northern Farmer managed to grow wheat there.

“Dubbut loök at the wäaste, theer warn’t not feeäd for a cow ;  
Nowt at all but braken an’ fuzz, an’ look at it now ;  
Nobbut a bit on it’s left, an’ I meän’d to ’a stubb’d it at fall,  
Done it ta-year I meän’d, and runn’d plow thruff it an’ all.”

It is a most depressing doctrine which teaches that men are what they are born, or what they are fated to be. On the contrary, I am sure they may be very greatly helped or hindered by their fellow-mortals. I do not think that I could endure my everyday work, if I did not believe that I could occasionally help a lame dog over a stile, or give a wanderer a shove in the right direction ; and that I might possibly be doing some permanent benefit.

It is really remarkable how very little pains we take with ourselves or our offspring to fortify us or them against the inevitable. We must grow old, yet most of all take little or no pains to provide for our old age in any way. We may suddenly become deaf or lose our voice, yet we have not learned the deaf and dumb alphabet. We may become blind, yet we have not learned to love music, or reading aloud, or to improve our faculty of memory, or our sense of touch. We may find ourselves alone in beautiful or wonderful scenery, and cannot draw or paint. We may be suddenly told by the doctor that we must neither walk nor run, and yet we have never learned to ride—not even a bicycle. We may be suddenly upset in a boat, and cannot swim ; we are in a ball-room, and cannot dance ;



on the ice, and cannot skate. We are suddenly asked to make a speech, and cannot put two words together to save our lives. We accidentally injure our right hand, and our daily bread depends upon its use; and, alas, we are not ambidextrous!

It is quite certain that by training and experience the most marked characteristics may be effaced, and such as are wanting may be supplied. That Wordsworth was, according to his own account of himself, of a gloomy, obstinate, and violent temper may appear strange to the students of the placid philosophical poet; and it would, as a fact, scarcely warrant the conclusion that "the child is father of the man." It seems more strange, however, that William the Silent was of a timorous disposition. "Certain it is," says Motley, "that he was destined to confront open danger in every form, that his path was to lead through perpetual ambush, yet that his cheerful confidence and tranquil courage were to become not only unquestionable, but proverbial." "Lord John Russell," says M'Carthy, "began with a reputation for a heat of temperament worthy of Achilles, but was for more than half his career regarded as a frigid and bloodless politician." If violent temper can be conquered, or a hot temperament become frigid, and if a timorous nature may become a proverb for bravery, surely heredity is a bugbear. And what are obstacles? They, too, may be made to vanish away. Kavanagh had both his legs amputated, but he was one of the best riders across country. Fawcett was shot blind, but he could marshal whole armies of figures before the House of Commons in a manner astonishing to listen to. Beethoven was



deaf; Milton was blind. The possibilities of a man are well nigh infinite, and, if foiled in one direction, the great man will attack the fortress from another.

What I have called education in its widest sense being a thing of so much consequence, it is interesting to inquire what is being done to give it its full effect.

It is extraordinary how little has been attempted by the State until recent years in the way of education; and even now the State seems very slow to discern that education means much more than cramming, and that man is a physical and moral as well as an intellectual being. Board schools are certainly deficient in moral and physical training. Then, as to the important question of heredity, I suppose that almost nothing can be done by the State to prevent the bringing into the world of diseased, or crippled, or feeble persons. What a changed world it would be if silly persons were forbidden to marry by Act of Parliament! How wit and wisdom would flourish to be sure! Except that as we should all be witty and wise, there would be no one left to ridicule or to teach, and I am afraid we should all grow very dull and selfish. But although the interference of Parliament in such cases could not be endured, I do think that parents of young people, and the young people themselves, might be more cautious than they are in their selection of marriageable persons. It is strange that we take the greatest pains with horses, dogs, cows, pigeons, fruits, and flowers, and yet we take none whatever with our own race, but trust to chance. Medical science, it is true, has succeeded in increasing longevity, and it is quite possible that it may succeed in decreasing diseases



and deficiencies in the human subject; but, on the whole, it may be doubted whether the race is any more efficient than it used to be. People as a rule live longer, and population increases at a greater rate.

But what, after all, is being done in education. The instruction, the routine instruction, of the Board school is only a very small part of education. In the question of the education of the poor, the main thing to be provided is better and brighter surroundings. Their dwellings, the streets which they frequent, the places of amusement and refreshment, should be better and brighter. If you confine your walks to Bond Street and Piccadilly, you will not see what I mean; but if you go to St. Giles's, Whitechapel, or Spitalfields, will you tell me that the houses, the streets, the public-houses are likely to be conducive to "sweetness and light"? As Goethe wrote:

"On entering a town one can judge the authorities' fitness;

For, where order and cleanliness reign not supreme in high places,

Then to dirt and delay the citizens soon get accustomed."

How can you expect the houses of the poor to be kept clean, if the streets are kept dirty? What is the use of putting clean clothes upon little Tommy and Mary Jane, if, when they fall down on the pavement, they rise up again a mass of black mud? How can a poor tenant keep the inside of the house tidy if the landlord will not spend a sixpence on the structure? If the possibilities of man depend largely upon his surroundings, the possibilities of Whitechapel and Spitalfields are bad.

In the old days men were trained from their earliest years for their future life. The young knight was bred



up to arms, the young hunter followed in his father's footprints, the young craftsman watched his father at work, and, as soon as possible, was bound as an apprentice in his father's trade. Our notions are now, perhaps not altogether wisely, more in favour of a general education. The Universities, Public schools, School Board schools, etc., are now bent upon teaching anything and everything which can fit the mind generally to encounter the future. The strengthening and enlarging of the mind: I suppose this is the *curriculum*, whatever form it may take. Whether it be the dead languages or still deader mathematics, the point is not so much whether the particular thing learnt can by any possibility come into use in after life, but whether the pursuit of it will strengthen and enlarge the mind more than any other pursuit. There is no subject requiring greater concentration of mind than pure mathematics, and there is no bodily exercise so strengthening to the whole physique as rowing. Let the young man learn both, though, to be sure, he is not likely to put the Binomial Theorem or his blue-bladed oar to any use whatever in his after life. This system of education seems to be a development of a man's possibilities. He comes forth into the world fully equipped for all eventualities. He is armed up to the teeth, and ought to fight well. Yet, at his time of life, a youth of the olden days had already become a master man, had gained his position in the world, and was quite satisfied therewith.

I think some reasonable compromise may be arrived at between those persons who are all for an ideal training of the mind to fit it for all or any purposes,



and those who are firmly persuaded that the young should be taught from their earliest years the thing by which they mean to live. Difference of position, of probable fortune, of health, strength, capacity should be allowed for. Too rigid a system is sure to fail, because youths are various ; too lax a system is certain to fall short of its intention, because youths are weak, and want the bracing which is obtained by hard study even against the grain. If I may be allowed to use very homely language, I would say that the educator of youth should keep one eye upon the general training of body and mind, and the other eye upon the particular and definite pursuit to be followed in after life. And, speaking generally, the early years should be devoted to general training, and the later years to special subjects.

The possibilities of a woman are, on the whole, more limited than those of a man. In some degree she is prevented from the full exercise of her powers by the laws of the land, or by the customs of society. Her mental, moral, and physical qualities also differ largely from those of a man, and in general she is of a less robust and active character. Very considerable changes have taken place in the position of women in England during the present century. It is quite obvious that, in many respects, woman has risen to a higher level, but in other respects it may be doubted whether all these changes have been for her benefit. Tennyson wrote :

“ Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;  
The man be more of woman, she of man ;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.”



Also I think she must beware of losing her softness, her gentle and dependent nature, if she would preserve the love of man. Half the love of the man for the woman—nay, the very best half of it, is that which is born of a desire to protect, and if necessary to fight for, something weaker and less capable of fighting. The woman who takes up the position that she is as good as the man, and a good deal better, may do very well in the world for herself, but she will have to go alone. If it could be conceived possible, that a time will arrive when men and women have come to the conclusion that they can each row their own boat, there will no longer be any fear of a “surplus population.” But probably these attempts to follow out partial theories correct themselves. It is soon and very easily perceived that to imitate men’s worst failings is not the way in which a woman can win the respectful admiration of the best men or the love of any man capable of that passion. In any event, she must be always handicapped by the mere fact that she is physically a woman.

The view which children sometimes take of their own possibilities is often amusing, but occasionally terrible. If you ask the infant son of well-to-do parents what he means to be, he probably says, with much confidence, “Lord Chancellor,” or “Archbishop of Canterbury.” It is not impossible. When William Pitt said, “I want to speak in the House of Commons like papa,” it sounded bumptious, but his desires were fulfilled. The young gentleman in the old pictures from *Punch*, who announced his intention of being a clown at Astley’s, may have been very ambitious, but his taste was low. Louis Stevenson’s little boy was more humble—



“ But I, when I am stronger,  
And can choose what I will do,  
Oh, Leary, I'll go round at night  
And light the lamps with you.”

The career of a highwayman has more fascination for the young idea than for the adult; but, perhaps, the young person, who announced her intention of being either a nun or a ballet dancer, offered the widest range of possible possibilities.

Those among us, who can indulge in a lengthy retrospect, can remember many friends, whose careers have seemed to give the lie to their possibilities, and to have displayed the vicissitudes of life.

“ Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?  
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?  
Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!  
And some are serving in 'the Greys';  
And some have perished young!—  
Jack Harris weds his second wife;  
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life;  
And blithe Carew—is hung!”

“ There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;  
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;  
There's brave Augustus keeps a carriage;  
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;  
On James's head the grass is growing;  
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse ”

So also we read—

“ John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;  
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.”

Dwyer went, let us hope, to some higher sphere, and



Jennings stepped into his place. And even if Dwyer had a fall, he may have recovered from it later on.

No doubt it may be that

“The prize is sometimes to the fool,  
The race not always with the swift”;

but, on the whole, I think Jack and Tom, Augustus and Fred, are pretty much where they ought to be, and where you might expect to find them. On the other hand, it is surely often “borne in upon us” that we might be very much better than we are, and that we might have done very much better for ourselves than we have done. Even in old age there is still room for improvement. Put it at its lowest, we can prevent ourselves from becoming worse than we need. To the very end of life we can still

“Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die,”

and so to the last go on evolving those possibilities, which will have their fruition elsewhere.

Alas, the possibilities of a man may be rudely extinguished by death. He may “scorn delight and live laborious days,”

“But the fair guerdon when he hopes to gain,  
And thinks to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life.”

“Those whom the gods love die young,” yet often by their dying they do more than others do by living long. It is not the *length* of life which is important, but the *amount* of life which is thrown into the term. There was an old woman of whom it is recorded

“She lived to the age of a hundred and ten,  
And died of a fall from an apple tree then.”



This showed considerable vigour, but I do not know whether it was used to much purpose. There was an announcement in a newspaper a short time ago, as to which I apprehend there was some mistake. "She happily recovered and lived to be over eighty, nearly all her children being born afterwards. She joined her husband later on." It is not stated whether her husband got tired of waiting for her.

Of King Artexominus it is said

"Fate cropped him short, but be it understood  
He would have lived much longer if he could."

Most of us would endorse this somewhat futile wish. Ah, if we could only think that we had in some fair degree fulfilled our possibilities; but how few of us can think that.

"Some in the tumult are lost,  
Baffled, bewildered they stray;  
Some as pris'ners draw breath;  
Others, the bravest, are cross'd  
On the height of their bold follow'd way  
By the swift rushing missile of death.

"Hardly, hardly shall one  
Come with countenance bright  
O'er the cloud-clapped perilous plain,  
His Master's message well done,  
Safe through the smoke of the fight  
Back to his Master again."

And lastly, what is to be said as to the possibilities of the race. Are the wings ready to burst from our shoulders towards the close of this "so-called nineteenth century"?

"In Milton's time," we read, "an opinion prevailed that the world was in its decay, and that we have



had the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature. It was suspected that the whole creation languished, that neither trees nor animals had the height or bulk of their predecessors, and that everything was daily sinking by gradual diminution." So wrote Dr. Johnson concerning Milton's time. Well, from time to time, we have books written to the same effect, and the world reads them, and thinks there is something in them—for a week, and then goes on its way unheeding.

What has the theory of Evolution to say upon this matter? If we cast our glance far enough back, no doubt we shall say that at least the European races of to-day are superior in every way to the races of the earliest infancy of mankind; nay, more, it is quite possible to maintain that they are on the whole superior to any races which have ever inhabited Europe before the present century; but there would be some rather terrible facts to be got over before such a position could be satisfactorily proved. What about the Ancient Greeks, their art, their philosophy, their literature? What about Ancient Rome, its roads, its aqueducts, its laws? What about Italian and Spanish art? But suppose the position is proved, that, taken as a whole, the European races show a superiority over all the Europeans of other times, still, what can be said of Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and other islands, great and small? Have those races improved? What is happening is that they are being crowded out by European races; but who can say how long that process may continue? What has become of Greece, and Rome, and the Italian cities? What has become



of the Empire of Charles V.? Who knows what changes may come, and who can feel sure that humanity may not be cast back for centuries, instead of advancing? It may be so; but the thought that it may be so ought to urge us all by every means in our power to strive that it may not be so. Certainly we in England are not without encouragement; for, without doubt, the history of our country is a history of progress; and it may be safely advanced that, in no age or country, has there ever been such a high general level of intelligence, goodness, industry, comfort, happiness, well-being, and well-doing as there is in England at the present day. But then comes the further question: suppose it is granted that the general level is higher, is that a sign that the specimen called man is changing into something higher? This seems to be a question without any present answer. Does the world in the present time produce a greater than Socrates, Plato, Bacon, or Shakespeare? And, if it does not produce such a specimen, can you really have any sure ground for believing that, in even thousands of years, it will ever do so? And yet it would appear that, if the general level should constantly rise, there must be a time when the general level should rise above Socrates, Plato, Bacon, and Shakespeare. Let us, at all events, beware of deteriorating—of coming to that unhappy pass which befel the last inhabitant of the land of the Doasyoulikes, who wanted to say, “Am I not a man and a brother,” but had forgotten how, and only said, “Ab boo boo,” and died.

Perhaps the most charming and interesting book written for many a long year is Dean Church's *Gifts*



*of Civilization.* He evidently believes in these gifts, but it is with fear and trembling. The inventions of science, almost annihilating space, time, labour, disease, and all other ills, are *gifts* indeed; but is it certain that the nature of man is thereby edified or exalted only? In every gift is there not some bitter with the sweet, some serpent lurking in the flower?

In the year 1851, when the nations were gathered together at the Great Exhibition, many persons, writers in the press, speakers upon platforms, and others, were loud in their prophecies of an era of peace—a coming millennium:

“When the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags  
were furled,

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.”

The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny followed almost immediately. A very short time since Europe was startled by an invitation to disarm, issued by the potentate whose vast armies were a constant menace of war. The invitation was, perhaps, sincere; but the way in which it was received offered little encouragement to the hope of a more peaceful condition of Europe in the future.

We are strange beings with our large possibilities of evil and of good, with our doubts and fears, with our hopes and aspirations.

“We are children of splendour and flame,  
Of shuddering also, and tears;  
Magnificent out of the dust we came,  
And abject from the Spheres.”

One moment we think ourselves angels or gods, the next moment we are worms or Yahoos.



“How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
A worm! a god!”

“What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights me not, no, nor woman neither.” Perhaps man is not delightful; but he is certainly very wonderful, and Hamlet was but mad north-north-west.

And now to sum up: let us never be persuaded to think that, as individuals, we are bound hard and fast by heredity, or by fate. We are what we are, mainly because we like to be so; and if we liked we could be very different from what we are. And, as a race, we may rise higher and higher, or we may sink lower and lower, not because of some law of evolution or devolution; but because individually we do not strive to be better. Does any one doubt that, if the various items of mankind were to strive towards perfection, the world would soon become very different from what it is at present? How different who can say?



# A GHOST STORY.

## MANSFIELD CASTLE.

IN one of the quiet dales of Derbyshire there stands a comfortable country house, situate in the midst of park-like grounds, surrounded by hills, and watered by a pretty trout stream shaded by alders and huge entanglements of brambles and wild roses. On a rising ground, about two hundred yards from the modern house, stands the old ruin of the ancient mansion called Mansfield Castle. Its towers still form a picturesque object, peeping in broken outlines from the trees by which it is partly hidden, but it has long since ceased to be inhabited by anything but a few rabbits, starlings, and more than one time-honoured ghost. In 17— the old castle, or mansion, was inhabited by a farmer, his daughter Rachel, and a younger girl, Elsie, a poor relation of the family. The mansion was, even at this time, partly a ruin, and only a few of the rooms were used. One day the younger girl was suddenly missed from the farm. Various and conflicting were the guesses as to the cause of her disappearance. The answers to



inquiries at the farm appeared to be unsatisfactory, and it was finally resolved, after consultation with the Squire, who was a magistrate, that the parish constable, with others as his assistants, should, with the farmer's consent, make a search of the castle and the grounds surrounding it, in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the discovery of the missing girl.

The wisecracks, who conducted the inquiry, made many interesting discoveries. The dust upon a trap-door in an unused room at the farm was observed to have been lately disturbed, and a small spatter of dried blood was discoverable on the jamb of the trap-door. The searchers, after having made this discovery, descended by means of a ladder, with great anticipations, into a vault beneath the trap-door, and by the light of a couple of candles, they traversed an underground passage, where they found a quantity of potatoes, a table, chair, and stool ; but nothing to the point, until, at the far end, they came to the exit, apparently used very lately ; for amongst a wilderness of tangled brambles, nettles, rotten wood, and large stones, partly heaped together by the hand of man, and partly by the growth of time, lay a huge heavy door recently thrown down. That some one had been in or out of that place was evident, but the searchers returned baffled, though they sought high and low along the banks of the trout stream for any indications of the missing Elsie. One of the party, extending his search a little more widely than the rest, suddenly came upon some woman's clothes, buried very slightly and hurriedly in the shrubbery near the castle. The clothes were easily identified as belonging to the missing girl. Disconcerted at the results of their investi-



gations, the searchers turned to question the inmates of the farm. The farmer, who was an irritable old man, was evidently annoyed by the incident, and stoutly refused to give any information, saying the girl was a bad baggage, and had run away, and would turn up like a bad shilling some day. Rachel was much distressed at what had happened. She informed her visitors that a young man had been hanging about the place for many days, and that she and Elsie had remarked upon the circumstances more than once; but that she had no knowledge of any intimacy between Elsie and the stranger. Rachel discovered that Elsie had taken a change of clothes with her, though why she should bury the clothes found in the garden Rachel confessed she could not tell; probably Elsie only wished to adopt a disguise, and did not wish to be encumbered in her flight by having to carry a large bundle of clothes. Being questioned as to the apparent fact that the trap-door had been disturbed, and that there was blood upon it, Rachel said that she knew nothing about that; but the old farmer, on being questioned on that point, said that he had caught his finger in closing it, and he thought it might have bled. He denied that he had been out at the exit of the passage for many a long year; and Rachel declared that she had never seen the place, but had heard stories of smugglers having used it in old times. It was beyond doubt, every one said, that even a strong man could scarcely have thrown down the heavy door of the exit.

The searchers were completely confounded. The villagers were much divided in opinion. The majority of the "Blue Boar" were of one opinion; but the



majority of the "Nag's Head" sided with the minority of the "Blue Boar."

While these various and conflicting views were being discussed at white heat, the Squire told a story which still further divided the village into factions. The night when the rumour got afloat that Elsie was missing, the Squire's wife told him that she had had a great fright. Whilst he was sitting smoking downstairs she suddenly became aware of a figure resembling Elsie, dressed, but with no head-gear, except a white shawl. The moon was shining brightly. The figure had a ghastly appearance, a sort of blue white, and it held up a hand as if counselling silence. "Who is there?" I cried; "at least, I believe I did. The figure did not reply, but walked to my dressing table where I usually keep small change. There she bent down and took up a shilling, and showed it to me, without speaking, and departed noiselessly. As soon as the apparition was gone I rushed to the door, and called softly, "Elsie, Elsie," but there was no reply; so I went back to bed, thinking I must have been dreaming, as, no doubt, I had been. This morning I cannot be sure whether any money is missing or not." The husband thought very little of his wife's dream. It was obviously the result of hearing of Elsie's disappearance, and talking about it before going to bed. However, this strange story soon got wind. The elopement theory was at a discount, and murder and a ghost held the field.

At the "Blue Boar" the blacksmith, William Barker, argued logically. He said, "Facts are facts. What are the facts? One fact is that the girl has disappeared; another fact is that her clothes have been found buried;



the third fact is that a spot of blood was found on the lid of the trap door ; and the fourth fact is that the door at the other end of the passage is down on the ground. These facts all go to show that the girl was murdered."

"They show just as well she committed suicide," said John Bates, the baker. "Now what I say is, it's no use looking at the facts, you must look at the chances. Now the chances are that no one would murder a poor girl like that. What for should they? But as to suicide you never know where you are. I knew a young girl once——."

"Never mind who you knew," interrupted Will Barker, "because one lass committed suicide that's no reason why another should. I say facts are stubborn things."

"Ah, but," said Thomas Giles, the chemist, "you must have some theory, you must invent a motive, and then the facts will square in. Now I don't wish to say anything against any one, but old Farmer Jones must have wanted to get rid of the girl, and he has said so himself for the matter of that."

"Oh, aye, aye," said the baker, "get rid of her no doubt, but there are more ways of killing a dog than hanging of it."

"It's a singular thing to me," said the butcher, Matthew Wild, "that the young Squire, as both the girls set their caps at, has just left the place."

"Aye, but anyhow he couldn't have nought to do with it," said the blacksmith, "for the fact is, the girls were both alive and well after he had left the country, because I saw them myself. And that's what I say, it's no use going against the facts."



"Well, anyhow," said the baker, "they tell me that the old Squire didn't like the young Squire going after the girls, though they do say that his missus was fond of her as is gone."

"Gone, you call it, do 'e. She's dead and all, I'll warrant," said the butcher, "however she came to die, or we should have heard of her before this."

"How can that be?" said the chemist, "for you can't swear a party is dead unless you see the dead body, and that's Coroner's law, I can tell you."

"Well, but the Squire's lady saw her ghost they say, and if there's a ghost there's a dead body somewhere for all the Coroner can say to the contrary," retorted the butcher.

The argument at the "Nag's Head" was conducted in a somewhat different manner. It began and ended with the ghost.

"They tell me," said the landlord, "that the Squire's missus saw the girl's ghost and spoke to it, and it's not likely she'd say what isn't true."

"Yes, but was it a real ghost, or did she only see something," asked the waggoner, "because I've seen many a cow in a field of a Saturday night look like a ghost."

"She spoke to it, I tell ye."

"Yes, yes; but did it speak to her?"

"I'm not that sure about it, but it's like enough it did."

"Aye, but I heard tell that the ghost took up a shilling and went away with it," said the gamekeeper, "and no ghosts as ever I heard tell of ever stole money, reason why, because it could do them no good where



they be. The missus must have been a-dreaming, I tell ye."

"Well, but you know she's not the only ghost as walks the big house, if all I hears is true," said the landlord, "and I've had people come as were visitors there to take a bed at this house, as they couldn't abide the ghosteses at the Hall yonder."

"Like enough ; but I say a ghost wouldn't steal money, though it might steal away."

"It's not a thing to make a joke on, neighbour, anyway," said the landlord.

"Beg pardon," said the gamekeeper. "Anyhow, the missus said no money was took after all as she knew of."

"Well, if it's a ghost, it's like we shall hear more of it by-and-bye."

The view which finally found most favour was that the young Squire had run away with Elsie. Everybody declared that they had always said so—it was just as they had always supposed it would turn out. Nothing was more natural. He had nothing to do with his time, and she was a designing little minx, although you might not have thought it to look at her. The old farmer knew of it all along, of course, and was in a quandary as to what the great folks at the Hall would say ; and Rachel, of course, was very much put out, and jealous of the success of Elsie's designs upon the young Squire. Still, the more they talked, the more doubtful they became, and they were soon all abroad again. Suicide, murder, elopement, the ghost, all had their ups and downs, as their betters have had before them.

Elsie was a pretty, dainty, delicate blonde beauty, with the gentlest manners and the prettiest ways, but



with no power of will, and very little of mind or body. She was, however, a great favourite with everybody. Rachel had many reasons for being jealous of her. It was generally believed that the two young women were not very friendly; and it was said that Miss Rachel bullied her young relation, and was jealous of her personal charms, and of her success in making friends. It was obvious that the gentler nature cowered beneath the more austere, and that the harder nature did not care to conceal its disdain of the softer. There was, however, nothing openly unpleasant in the relations between the two, until an event occurred which set all the village on the alert. It was suddenly announced that the Squire's nephew was coming to live with his uncle and aunt at the Hall, and was going to act as agent for his uncle, and other magnates, for whom his uncle had been acting hitherto. This nephew was as bright and good-looking a young man as one could well find. He had a kind of open, cheery frankness of manner, with sufficient good looks to charm without demanding admiration; and he had also the further advantage of a manly and athletic build, so that hardly any young girl could see him without having her fancy arrested, and feeling a desire to make his acquaintance. As the Squire had no children, this nephew was his heir, and his coming had caused no little flutter in the hearts of all the marriageable young women in the neighbourhood. Very soon after his arrival his behaviour with regard to the two young women at the farm became the subject of comment. It was affirmed that he was deeply in love with the fair girl, and that the dark girl was passionately in love with him; and that there was



no love lost between the fair and the dark girl in consequence.

The estrangement between the two young women had for some time past been growing more evident. The attachment of the nephew to the fair girl was apparent. Elsie tried to avoid the young man; but they seemed destined to meet, and, as it often happened, under the very eyes of Rachel. The young man fretted under the ill temper of the dark girl, who yet could not consent to give up her hopes of ultimate victory, although she was assuredly not playing her own game with advantage. More than once she had surprised Elsie by some stinging remarks about "apparent modesty disguising deep-seated boldness," and other such things; all of which Elsie bore as well as she could, and only strove to avoid arousing her rival's enmity. But the demon of jealousy is unappeasable. When once it has taken up its abode, nothing can sweep it out of the heart. The more Elsie avoided the young Squire, the more Rachel secretly accused her of hypocritically endeavouring to lure him on. The gentler Elsie's manner became towards Rachel, the more Rachel felt that Elsie triumphantly dared to pity her. Things were evidently approaching a dangerous point, and mischief was at hand.

One evening, after the house-work was at an end, and when Rachel and Elsie were seated, in the dusk of evening, near the open window looking on to an old orchard, and so beyond to the new mansion where lights were just visible, though at the farm the sunset glow was still strong enough to sew by, Rachael suddenly said, "Elsie, I have for some time wished to speak to you



upon a subject of importance, upon which I think I ought to give you a timely warning."

"What is it?" said Elsie in a nervous manner. "You do not want me here any longer, I suppose?"

"No, it is not that," replied Rachael, "at least, not exactly that. It is a subject that is rather difficult to begin upon, and I hope I shall not be misunderstood. It is, in fact, about Mr. Hope."

Elsie started, but immediately with true feminine diplomacy sought refuge in an equivocation. "What is the matter with *him*? He and I are very good friends, and I am sure Mrs. Hope and I are the very best friends in the world."

"I am not speaking of the old man," said Rachel with asperity, "as I think you can guess, but of the young man."

Elsie rose from her seat, "Oh, please, don't,—don't talk about that. I have nothing to do with him, or he with me. Oh dear, what makes you speak of him?"

"Elsie, you are very foolish; you cannot get away from me by such childish talk. What makes me speak of him? Why should I not speak? Others notice the attention he pays to you. You are a shameless girl to encourage him. You know his position is so far above yours that marriage is impossible."

"I never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed Elsie, "indeed, indeed, I never did."

"You lie," retorted Rachael, "you have thought it and planned it; I know all about the foolish signals, which go on every night between you and him. They are beginning now at the Hall, and you will shortly set



up a candle here. I tell you again, a marriage between you is impossible."

"Well, Rachel, if it is impossible, at least there is an end of it. Pray, don't go on."

"But I must go on. You have come between him and me. When he first came he was never tired of being with me, and you know it, and you have spoken to me about it, and I like a fool confided in you. But you have come between me and him with your silly soft ways and languishing grimaces. But I will thwart you yet, so beware! If you don't mean to marry him, what do you mean? Disgrace yourself for ever? Not here, I can tell you. Yes, you may leave the room, and cry your eyes out, if you like, but you shall not make a fool of me, or of the young Squire either."

Elsie went away to her bedroom and had a good long cry; but she did not omit the signalling with the lights, which seemed to compose her; and, when she came down again to say good-night, Rachel had recovered her usual demeanour. Elsie did not notice that it was strange that it should seem impossible for her to marry the young Squire, and yet that Rachel might do so.

It was some days after this quarrel had taken place that the two girls were walking about the ruin, and talking more pleasantly than usual. It was impossible for them to be really at ease after such a scene; but each made an effort to hide from the other all suggestions of disagreement or estrangement. Rachel's father had gone upon a visit to a brother, and the young Squire had just started for the Continent on some matter of business; and so the two girls were very much alone. In the course of their ramble they came upon a half-ruinous



empty room in which there was a trap-door leading, as Rachel said, to a passage, frequented in past times by smugglers, but which had for some years been closed and locked at the furthest end, and was now only used in the Castle for the storage of root vegetables and fruits. A small ladder enabled any person to descend and ascend for the purpose of depositing or raising the vegetables. Months would often pass by without this cellar being entered at all, and as a matter of fact it had been almost entirely disused for above a year.

"Would you like to see the underground passage, Elsie?" said Rachel, "it is a very strange place. I have been down several times, but never all along the passage. We could not go without a light; but of course at the opening it is light enough, and you can get down the ladder to the ground. There is an old oak table and some stools and empty barrels. There is a date cut out on the table as if with a dagger point (1645), and it is supposed it was cut by some Cavaliers while in hiding from Cromwell's soldiers."

"I should like to see it," said Elsie, "only I am always afraid of the dark."

"Nonsense about the dark, child, it will not bite you, and I will light this candle which the men always use when they go down. See, the flap comes up quite easily. Now, get on that ladder and hold my hand till you get down a few steps."

Elsie took her hand and began to descend; but suddenly she was seized with fear, and she cried, "Lift me up, I'm frightened. What are you going to do? Don't kill me! Oh, don't kill me—mercy!"



But Rachel flung her hand away and threw her violently from the ladder, and immediately dragging up the ladder through the aperture with almost superhuman effort, hissed out, "Go down, you wretch—you deceiver—to perdition for ever! Go!"

As she uttered these words she let fall the flap of the cellar with a loud bang, which resounded through the castle. In doing this she slightly cut her own finger, though she did not observe the accident at the time, and a few spots of blood fell upon the cellar flap while she stood listening for any sound. For some minutes she could hear faint muffled cries, as of someone imploring aid. But the sounds very soon ceased, and she had time to collect her thoughts. What had she done? Why had she done it? She hardly knew. She was not conscious that she had planned this strange deed. It seemed to her that she had acted on a wild impulse at the moment she found Elsie in her perilous position on the ladder; but she was aware that, somehow, she had often thought of the cave as a place where, if she dared to murder Elsie, she might hide her body. Now she had been suddenly tempted to a rash, foolish, and malignant deed, of which she could only dread, but could not guess the results. What if Elsie's cries should be heard? What if she should try, by using the table and barrels, to reach up to the flap of the cellar, and to raise an alarm by knocking.

This idea terrified her, for it destroyed her hopes that no sound could be heard through the closed trap-door. What if her victim should scream! The noise might be heard in the park, or in the rooms of the farm while some one was about the place! In the



sudden temptation to rid herself of her enemy, she had not thought of all these points. She waited there in terror at what she had done for an hour or more, at times thinking she had better recall Elsie, and trust to her fears for silence ; but she dared not take this course (what ignominy, what ridicule, what humiliation !); and she left the spot thinking that Elsie must soon die of exhaustion and fright. Several times in that night, and the day and night following, she visited the trap-door ; but all was still. Her nerves became highly strained. A terror of the wretched fate of the starving girl haunted her every moment. She could neither sit still nor lie down, and she shook at every sound ; and when rumours began to arise in the village, she was not in a fit state to treat them with coolness and equanimity. She did not know whether Elsie was dead or not, nor could she tell whether any search would be made, although she felt that she must, if possible, divert any search from the right spot. She constantly set herself to invent stories, which in any event would enable her to escape from the consequences of her malice. The result was that her premeditated falsehoods became completely confused in her mind, and she was becoming more and more unfit to deal with the emergency the more she planned to meet it.

Elsie, in the meantime, had cried in vain for help, and after a few minutes of despair and dread of the darkness had fainted away, remaining for about an hour in an insensible condition. On recovering her senses she groped about in the complete darkness, and at length discovered the passage ; and, feeling her way along it as best she could, terrified and wondering at the length of



it, and believing it must be a mile long, whereas in truth it was only two hundred yards, she struggled forward without any distinct hope, but with a blind sense that she was doing the only thing she could do towards saving herself. The effect of absolute pitch darkness was maddening. The floor of the passage was, at its best, rough and uneven, but bits of broken wood, barrels, and baskets were scattered about, and poor Elsie fell from one to another in her violent effort to escape. At length she came to an obstacle which she concluded was the end of the passage. It was still as dark as night, but the darkness was not absolute. Some faint glimmer came from above, and another faint spot of light showed in front of her. By degrees she became aware that the obstruction must be a wooden door of a massive sort. She had always heard that the door was locked and barred. She sank down upon the ground, and was completely overcome by a terrible sense of failing strength. There seemed to be no escape from this horrible prison. Her mind, her hold on existence, was going. Then in an agony she prayed to God to save her. Suddenly rising, she rushed wildly against the door with a loud scream, and threw the whole of her weight and strength into the effort. The great door gave way, tearing up its rotten posts, and tumbling forward into a tangle of ferns and brambles. Elsie herself fell upon the door, and for a moment or two could not guess what had happened. Having extricated herself, she found she was close to the little stream, and was at liberty for the present. She sat down to reflect upon what she ought to do next, and to recover from the effects of the struggle and the darkness. She resolved



to remain there that night ; and, when morning came on, she lay down to rest just within the passage, but scarcely slept for fear of being discovered. She wandered aimlessly about during the day. The next day she began to feel very faint and hungry. She dared not go to the farmhouse for fear of Rachel, whom she dreaded as a bird fears a serpent. Nor did she dare to go into the village, and tell her tale. What tale? The motive for Rachel's act was jealousy of Elsie's favour in the eyes of the young Squire. She naturally shrunk from such an exposure. Nor was she able to invent any plausible story. In the meanwhile, what must she do? She had only a few pence in her pocket, and had nothing with which to support life except the water of the stream, and some unripe blackberries, and nuts. If she had some disguise, she might in the dusk creep quietly to a baker's shop, and buy some bread, butter, and perhaps milk. She determined to watch Rachel leaving the farm, and then, unnoticed by any one, to get a change of clothes to help to disguise herself, and also for her own comfort. This she did ; and then she lightly buried her clothes in the shrubbery, so that, if anybody found the opening to the cave while she was absent, they should not guess of her having been there by finding her clothes. Then she went by dusk into the village, and going into the shop, when only a child was in attendance, she procured some food, and hied back to her cave. It was clear to her that she must adopt some plan or other, but what it was to be she could not guess. She thought that next day she must go and borrow some money from her kind friend, Mrs. Hope, and trust to her for advice, but oh, how she dreaded seeing anybody or saying anything !



The young Squire was away ; but even if she could see him what could she say to him ? She would have fled away altogether, but she had no one to flee to. And yet it was clear that something must be done.

It has been frequently observed that timid and shy persons make very good actors. The moment they take a part, and especially when they have put on their disguise, they become bold and excited. Elsie was a person of this sort, and was also gifted with a large share of imagination, which had been stimulated by reading romantic stories. She had often assisted at the Hall in the household work, and she knew the habits of the inmates. She knew when Mrs. Hope would retire, and where she would place her money at night. Before Mr. Hope left his papers and his cigar, and went upstairs to bed, she managed to hide herself from the servants ; and, having arrayed herself in a long white shawl, she pretended to be a ghost, and so went into Mrs. Hope's room in the manner subsequently described by Mrs. Hope to her husband. She possessed herself of a shilling, and slid noiselessly away without disturbing Mr. Hope, who some two hours afterwards locked the doors as usual before retiring to bed. Elsie had now provided for another day ; but her anxiety and distress was making sad havoc of her nerves and strength, and it became a pressing emergency that she should disclose herself. As the day wore on to evening, she felt that another night of suspense would be more than she could bear, and shuddering thoughts of making a desperate end of her troubles came and went like cloud-shadows over her frame. As the last light of evening was fading away, Elsie



suddenly appeared at the Hall, and, throwing herself upon her knees, told the whole true story to Mrs. Hope, who was in some degree relieved to find that matters were no worse. The idea that her nephew was probably in love with Elsie had not been present to her mind. She had feared that his affections turned towards Rachel, whom she disliked. Neither of the girls was a suitable match for her nephew; but Elsie's gentle and refined ways had won her heart. When the young Squire, as he was called, returned from the Continent, he and Elsie became engaged; and in a short time were married, and I suppose were happy ever after.

Elsie, as we know, never was a ghost, but only pretended to be one. Rachel, however, became a real ghost. Her mind completely gave way. She refused to see Elsie, who was ready to pardon her. On the day she heard of Elsie's engagement she attempted to destroy herself; and was then removed to an asylum, where she died. Although she had not committed a murder, yet she had been a murderess in heart; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that her ghost should visit the grey old ruin where its malignant passions had been allowed to gain complete victory. As ghosts are said to

“Haunt the places where their honour died;”

so she is said to haunt the old ruined castle to this day, or, perhaps I should say, to this night; for if you will go there after dark, though I don't think you dare, you will hear the flap of the dungeon open with a creaking sound, and then fall again with a loud report, the sounds being so gruesome and horrible that no one has ever



ventured to try to hear them a second time ; and some persons say that other persons have seen the ghost itself, and I dare say they have ; and I dare say it is very like the Great Sea Serpent, for to be sure nobody has ever caught it.



## BEHIND A HOARDING.

"It's all right I tells yer. There's nobody a-coming. Blest if I'll go along with you coves any more—blind me! Only one box of seegarettes! Why didn't yer get some seegars while the old man had got his eye off."

"Eye off be blow'd. He's eyes in the back of his 'ead, he 'as."

"Well, it's no good jawing, let's 'ave a seegarette, now we *are* at 'ome!"

"Give us a glim! I sye, Swagger, where was yer last week?"

"Git along, Box, that's not the gyne. Don't axe a ginnelman orkid questions. If yer must know, Box, I 'ad a pressin' invityshon from the Guv'nor of the Jyle."

"What for, Swagger?"

"Well, I'll tell yer; I copt five pund out o' a till in a tuck shop. S'elp me, I nivver know'd such a start! Got clean awye an' all. I 'eld up my 'ead, I can tell yer—a bit proud I was. None of yer sneaking pitch-and-toss boys for me. So I made up to Bill Bytes, who's two year older nor me. Sixteen he is, and stands at nuffin, and sports a pistol. Besides his brother is six foot 'igh, and got discharged, he did, for hignomy from



the Ryle Hengineers. They sye he'd been a-fluctuating cheques. Bytes gives himself airs about his big brother ; but, lor' bless yer, he was quite proud to know me when he know'd what I'd hauled. Now, what d' yer think we doze with our quid, me and my conferrates. Why, we buys arf a dozen of tuppenny seegars at a shop, and a bucket each from a gal as we knew wouldn't blab, and we 'ails the fust 'Ansom, and we syse, quite genteel like, but very firm, 'Drive us to Piccadilly Succus.' 'Yes'ur,' syse cabby, and in we goes ; and didn't we larf jest when we settled down inside."

"My eye, Swagger ! I wish I'd bin along wi' yer."

"Yer mye well sye that. It was prime and all. We bashed right through everythink ; and when we passed any real tip-top swells in 'Ansoms, we showed we knew 'ow the haristocracy behyve, for we stared right through their 'eads just as if we meant to cut 'em strytle."

"Well, Swagger, what did you come at next, when you got to the Succus ?"

"Why, when we got to the Succus we got out of course, and then, of course we guv cabby a shillin' mor'n his fare ; and then of course we takes another 'Ansom, and we drives to St. Paul's. Ripping, I can tell yer ; and we shouts through the 'ole at the top, 'Drive a bit spry, cabby, and we'll give yer a hextra bob.' Express trains ain't in it. Well, at St. Paul's, Bytes syde he'd 'ad enough, and he borred'd two pound of me, and I nivver so much as syde, 'Pye me back fyre,' for it's not the ticket among gentlefolk."

"Why, Swagger, yer'll nivver see the colour of that agin."

"You shut your 'ead, Box, there's honour among thieves, I tells yer."



"You bet."

"Well, I drives all the wye from St. Paul's to the 'Ouses of Parliament; but some'ow I didn't seem to care for it so much after Bytes was gone. But, there, I saw the mimbers a-walking into the 'Ouse; and, thinks I, some of they bosses 'd be mighty glad of the two sciv I've got in my pocket; when, just as I was a-thinking of this hup comes a bobby, and cops me as clean as nine-pence. I know'd him at wonst, for I'd marked his shins a month ago, so as I might know him agin. And he know'd me, sure enough. 'I want you, Swagger,' syse he, 'about that till.' 'Right you are,' syse I, and awye we goes to the styshion; and next morning to the Court. And what do you think the old Beak syse. Why, he syse, syse he, 'Spent it all in 'Ansom cabs,' syse he, 'Who'd a thought it?' syse he. 'Yes, my washup,' syse the bobby. 'Well,' syse the Beak, 'I don't see what pleasure there can be in driving about all day long in a cab!' A lying old bloke! He's no class, he ain't; for I see him myself many a time come up to his Court in a 'Ansom, looking as proud as a turnkye. Well, he remands me for a week; and then he syse he thinks I've summat the matter with my 'ead. I'd like to knock his old 'ead off, blast him—And then he discharges me."

"That beats all I ever eared on,—like his cheek! But you 'ad a good 'aul you 'ad. I only collared three bob from my stepmother, and I spent it hall on hice creams."

"I call that mean, Box, you should allus shire with summon. Sides, you couldn't ite three bobs' worth at one go off."

"Not I, I tells yer. I shired it with two pals, but



whiles we was a-eating, up comes my boss, who works me on the sly, cos of the blasted Schule Board. Step-mother put 'im on to me, and then the police gets 'old on me and discolates my shoulder, worse luck. Then she tells the Beak as I be beyond control; so now the old boss can't get me at no price, and I'm ordered to go to schule again; what do yer think of that for a gime?"

"I calls that mean, I does."

"So does I."

"Well, of course I bean't going to schule none the more for that; but I means to run a-muck like a Chinee, for it ain't reason to go back again after been free like. But what mikes you look so sheepy, Jack? Summut wrong with yer, eh?"

"Well, yer see, I've just done my job—two months' 'ard, and I'm a bit nervous like about being took agin. Tell yer how it com'd about. I and a conferrate o' mine was a-gitting in at the winder of a ware'us as we'd an eye on some time, when two coppers comes along, and we scrambles back. I was off like a shot, never fear, but Joe Clinker tripped on the curb and was copt, and some'ow he let out on me, and I was took. But that's not 'ow I got the two months, fer they couldn't sye it was me, only by what Joe Clinker said; and, bless yer, that ain't no evidence in law. But they syde they could prove an assault on the pleece; and right enough. And I'll tell yer how it was and all. When I run awye from the ware'us job, I went a-courtin' my young woman. She is a gime lass, I can tell yer; none of your fallal finikin gals as won't stick up for a pal. She's only sixteen. Been to a 'Ome and all, but she soon ran awye from that. Didn't suit her, that didn't. 'Tain't likely. Well,



we was a-walking along as snug as mye be, and I was a-telling her as I be a-telling you now, 'ow I ran away from the coppers, when she falls to dancing on the pive-ment and shouting, like for jye, and then she ups with her 'and, and knocks an old gent's 'at off, and he taliates, and I 'ad a bit of a argimint with him, and up comes the crowd; and then, all of a sudden, a pleeceman flies down like a tiger and gets 'old of me. 'You're the cove we've been a-looking for,' syse he. 'Oh, am I,' syse I, and I dives right atween his legs, and then I ups agin and hits out wild. 'You shan't tyke him,' shouts out my lass, and seizes 'old of me by the arm, worse luck, but she did her best, and the crowd cried, 'Shyme, shyme.' At last they cops me fair, but not till I'd marked two of the bobbies, I can tell yer. And I tell yer she comes to the Court, and when the Beak syse, 'Two calendar months, 'ard,' she mykes no more, but she jumps up and hugs me by the neck and shouts, 'Keep up, Jack. I'll marry yer the fust day yer comes out.' Now I call that the right sort of gal, and she's a-going to meet me to-night. And what's the odds we shouldn't get married and all. If I goes to gyle, or she goes to gyle, can't be 'elped; but she syse, and I dunno but what she's right, we might do summut in the coster line, and she be selling flowers in the street handy to my barrer. I've an uncle as is a coster, and p'raps it might come right."

"That 'ud be a-turning of your back on your old friends, Jack, and I don't like that."

"Never fear, every man to his trade. Give us another seegarette."

(Little boy puts his head round the hoarding, "Coppers are coming." *Exeunt omnes.*)



# A FARRAGO OF VERSES.

## THE QUEEN.<sup>1</sup>

*(The last month of the Jubilee Year.)*

GREAT Empress—for that name thou deign'st to wear—  
Queen of unnumber'd hearts and half the world !—  
Where'er thy royal standard is unfurl'd  
The tyrant quails, the slave forgets his fear.  
'The simple love thee, and the wise revere.  
Within thy realm are none so poor-forlorn  
But thou wilt share their sorrow without scorn—  
Thou, in thy lofty station, without peer !  
Time cannot stop, alas, the ebbing tide !  
God keep thee here awhile ; then make thy fame  
A beacon unbedimm'd, till men be fir'd  
To nobler aims, and to a faith more wide.  
Age after age shall live thy glorious name,  
While Honour lasts, and Virtue is admir'd.

<sup>1</sup> By the kind permission of the Editor of *The Speaker*.



## THE RAINBOW.—GRASMERE.

A SHOW'RY morning—not a day we thought  
For long excursion—But the afternoon,  
Though stormy, seemed to tempt us out of doors  
To try our luck, encountering foul or fair.  
And so our party, starting, took the path  
To Easedale Tarn. Before we reached the fall  
Of Sour Milk Gill a storm of wind and rain  
Rush'd from the mountains, forcing us to crouch  
Beneath a corner of a wood ; and there  
We sheltered somewhat from the sweeping show'r.  
But I, impatient, saw, or thought I saw,  
The coming sunshine light the topmost peaks ;  
So started in advance of all our troop  
Along the steep and slippery path, my head  
Bent down, picking my way through pools and stones,  
And little torrents running across the path.  
Then on a sudden, I was bathed in light ;  
And, looking up, beheld the whirling clouds  
Ablaze ; and turning round I saw the huge  
Seat Sandal in a glory as of Heaven.

That moment I beheld two travellers  
Some yards below me toiling up the steep.  
“Look there ! Look there !” I shouted, and they turned,  
And stood entranced as I did.

Broad belts of violet, orange, blue, and red  
Trembled across Seat Sandal's heaving breast,  
Which glowed in golden green beyond the bow.  
Above were storm and darkness ; and beneath  
The valley and the lake were drenched in rain.



Helm Crag frowned still in shadow, and the Gill  
Roared with its torrent waters. More and more,  
The dazzling splendour of the blending hues,  
Pulsing with light ineffable, seemed to swell  
From earth and man up to the heavens and God.

Awhile we gazed till all the pageant passed,  
And then, in silence, recommenced our toil,  
Strangers once more. Yet I must think, perchance,  
Some bond still held us ; and would fain believe,  
That there are times when we are wrought upon  
To dream a dream of heaven, and to have  
A foretaste of the wonder and the joy  
To be revealed hereafter ; and which, seen,  
Will to our souls recall these glimpses here.

#### YESTERDAY—A SONG.

LITTLE bird singing, what do you say—  
Little bird up in the bough ?  
Sing me the song that you sang yesterday.  
What are you singing now ?

“ Never quite sad ; and never quite gay ;—  
My notes are none of them new.  
The song is the same that I sang yesterday ;—  
Seems it not *so* to *you* ? ”



THE LAY OF THE OLD ALDERMAN.<sup>1</sup>

UNIFICATION is vexation,  
The L.C.C.'s as bad ;  
The New Citee doth puzzle me,  
And new Mayors drive me mad.

## THE LAY OF THE BIMETALLIST.

Who is Silver? What is she,  
That all our swells commend her?  
Very bright and fair is she,—  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That adopted she might be !—  
That adopted she might be !

Is she constant as she's fair,  
Or is she light and heady?  
Gold might to her arms repair  
To help to keep him steady ;  
And being helped, inhabit there—  
And being helped, inhabit there.

Then if Silver plays mad tricks,  
Or Gold is always changing,  
So that none their price can fix,  
From par to premium ranging,  
Let us both together mix !—  
Let us both together mix !

<sup>1</sup> The six following pieces are printed by the very kind permission  
of the Editor of *Punch*.



## THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

"Several Radical Members of Parliament petitioned Mr. Speaker to allow them to attend his Levée in ordinary evening dress."

MR. SPEAKER (*sings*)—

Oh, ye must walk in silk attire,  
And swords and buckles wear,  
Gin ye wad come and dine wi' me,  
Or tend my Levées mair.

THE MEMBERS (*sing*)—

Oh, what's to us your silken show,  
And swords and buckles smart?  
And if ye still insist upon't,  
Then you and we must part!

MR. SPEAKER (*sings*)—

Then ye shall come in what attire  
It suits ye best to wear,  
Gin ye'll consent to dine wi' me,  
Nor plague your Speaker mair.

## TO A SCORCHER.

(AFTER WILLIAM WATSON.)

I do not, in the crowded street  
Of cab and 'bus and mire,  
Nor in the country lane so sweet,  
Hope to escape thy tyre.

One boon, O Scorchers, I implore,  
With one petition kneel,  
At least abuse me not before  
Thou break me on thy wheel.



THE CAB STRIKE, 1896.

STRIKE ! Strike ! Strike !

For I'm forced to "come out" yer see ;  
But I would that my tongue might utter  
The oaths that arise in me !

Oh, well for the omnibus cad,  
That he shouts "Bank ! Bank !" all day !  
Oh, well for the tramcar lad,  
As he climbs to the roof for pay !

And the privileged cabs go on  
To their Euston or Ludgate Hill,—  
But, Oh for the crack of my unused whip,  
And the sound of my wheels that are still !

Strike ! Strike ! Strike !  
But I'll tell yer what strikes me,—  
There isn't nothing to strike about,  
And the game is all U-P.

AFTER GOLDSMITH.

WHEN lovely woman strives to "volley,"  
But finds that men her strokes despise,  
What art can soothe her melancholy,  
And reinstate her in their eyes !

The only art her loss to cover,—  
To charm and to subdue alike,—  
To bring back her repentant lover,  
And fire his bosom—is to "bike."

G



## A LOST BALLAD OF POLICEMAN X.

Ho, the hartfulness of villings  
Such as never you did see ;  
Warning take of honest pleecemen,—  
Listen, ladies unto me !

Hupper Street is not hinviting  
To the West-end dandy's sight.  
But there is a deal of natur,  
If you only take it right.

Mrs. Carey 'ad a 'usband  
Living hout in Hafricay,—  
How they came to be sep'rated,  
Hit is not for me to say !

So to cheer her lonely feelings,  
Which to squench she wasn't proof,  
Two young nieces she'd hadmitted  
Underneath her Christian roof.

Thus in Hupper Street she lived and  
Waited for her husband dear ;  
When a stranger called upon her,  
Saying that he wished to see 'er.

Which he was a hearty fellah,  
Very free in his address,  
Hall without looked very pleasant,  
Hall within was wickedness.

" I'm your 'usband's brother, missus ;  
He is very far from well.  
He from Hafricay has sent me  
'Ome to you the truth to tell."



Then she ast him wery kindly  
Hin to take a cup of tea,  
Hand she introjuiced the nieces,  
Simple, hinnocent and free.

So he laughed and chatted with 'em,  
Showed his breast and bared his arm,  
Tatter'd with most strange devices  
And with many a kewrious charm.

Many snakes was there depicted,  
Ankers, ships, and ropes was draw'd ;  
Hand a bally gal in muslin  
Flinging of her legs abroad.

How them nieces stared and giggled !  
Though they didn't like to touch ;  
But they ast him, wery feeling,  
Whether it had hurt him much.

Hand he told them what prodigious  
Bears and lions he had slain ;  
And although they nearly fainted,  
Yet they ast for it again.

Then he kissed his new found sister,  
Likewise kissed his nieces dear,  
More than twice—the heartless ruffian—  
(How I wish I had him here !)

“Now I'm one of this good fam'ly,  
And we're 'appy as I think,  
Let us celebrate this hunion,  
Come and let us 'ave a drink.”

So they sallied forth together  
Little dreaming any wrong ;



When outside a pub he 'alted—  
“Now,” he cried, “we shan't be long.”

Then he snatched pore Mrs. Carey's  
Watch, and chain, and purse, and all,  
And was gone before the nieces  
Could begin “perleece” to call.

Then they hurried to the station,  
And described the wicked thief,  
Specially the bally dancer,  
Likewise snakes in tones of grief.

Hand this rascal, when I copt him,  
Swore he never was the man ;  
Hand before the beak he boldly  
Follow'd up the self-same plan.

For the lydies were not certing—  
Tender, timid things they be !—  
Though they'd talked to him for howers,  
And had kissed him after tea.

But the beak was down upon him  
In a way he little guest—  
“Gaoler,” said the Beak majestic,  
“Bare the pris'ner's arm and breast !”

Then this most etrocious liar  
'Ung his 'ead and dropped his jore,  
When the snakes and bally dancer  
Plainly all the gazers sore.

Three month's hard the Beak awarded—  
Which I think uncommon small,  
Seeing as poor Mrs. Carey  
Lost her watch, and purse, and all.



Has for them two lovely nieces,  
    Blooming gals as e'er I see,  
Unto either one propishous  
    X would ever faithful be.

## CURLINA.

CURLINA ! 'tis a mystic word—  
    A weird and wild creation ;  
Nor can it clearly be inferr'd  
    What is its derivation.  
But this I know, in weal or woe,  
    It's name for ever will be  
Engraven on my grateful soul—  
    Curlina ! sold by Filby.  
My fringe, whilom so dull and flat,  
    Though twisted in curl papers,  
Now crisps and foams beneath my hat,  
    And cuts a thousand capers.  
In gloss and hue it doth outdo  
    The best Médoc of Gilbey ;  
Nor age, nor race, nor time nor space,  
    Shall sever me and Filby.  
On foreign strand, in distant land,  
    My constant friend shall still be  
A bottle of the sacred brand—  
    Curlina ! sold by Filby.  
I now can boast I am almost  
    As beautiful as "Trilby."  
To find out why, come buy ! come buy !  
    Curlina, sold by Filby.



## LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

I REMEMBER the time—the time long ago,  
There were many things different then !  
Young people may laugh, and believe that they know  
Far better than elderly men ;  
But if they will listen (I hope that they can);—  
At any rate p'raps they may try  
To pardon the talk of a very old man,  
Of the days that are long gone by.

I remember the time when the youngers said " Sir "  
To the parent who ruled with the rod ;—  
Now " Guv'nor," or " Daddy," or " Boss," they prefer,  
And " Father " is thought rather odd.  
At cricket or football they're perfect I wean,—  
At betting or billiards, are spry ;  
But the awkward young boobies of bashful sixteen  
Are things that are long gone by.

I remember the time when the girls stayed at home,  
And sewing and cooking would learn,  
Nor dared without vigilant chap'rons to roam,  
And never spoke out of their turn.  
Now they scramble for partners at ball or at rout,  
Learn Latin and Greek at the " High,"  
Ride " bikes," play at hockey, talk slangy, and shout,—  
There are things that are long gone by.

The village lass " bobbed " to the " gentleman born,"  
And the villager pulled at his locks ;  
The scythe or the sickle were used to cut corn,  
And labourers gloried in smocks ;



The farmer paid rent, had a love of fair sport,  
Was out on his farm wet or dry ;  
And the squire, happy man, drank three bottles of port,  
In the days that have long gone by.

I remember the time when no gentleman thought  
Of smoking a pipe in the street,  
Or would modestly drop the cigar he'd just bought,  
If he chanced a fair damsel to meet ;  
But now he will puff in his lady-love's face,  
Or invite her to smoke on the sly,—  
The manners which flourished with patches and lace  
Are things which are long gone by.

I remember when sportsmen, and cricketers too,  
Wore hats which of beaver were made ;  
When straightforward underhand bowling would do,  
And " fifty " was reckoned " well played " ;  
When you really *could* see both the wickets and " bats,"  
On the grass at your ease you could lie,  
Nor struggle for glimpses mid jungles of hats,—  
In the years that are long gone by.

I remember the time when a duck and green peas  
Was a dinner for gods or for men ;  
When a roast leg of mutton, with pudding and cheese  
Sufficed for two people, or ten ;  
Now, Soup à la Orly, Fish, Entrée, and Roast,  
Game, Omelette, and Perigord Pie,  
With the dryest champagne must be served by your  
host,—  
There are things that are long gone by.



I remember the time we had dinner at five,  
And thought it remarkably late ;  
But now the most indigent pauper alive  
Can't dine until half-past eight ;  
When people who had their own living to get,  
In bed half the day didn't lie,  
Nor expected a fortune through some lucky bet,—  
In the days that are long gone by.

I remember the time when you took up a book,  
Or went *en famille* to the " Play,"  
Well,—sometimes you didn't know which way to look  
For the language was coarse in its way !  
But now you can read or can look without fear,  
For Vice is disguised in a lie,  
And has stolen the garments which Virtue should wear,—  
There are things that are long gone by.

I remember when parsons would preach for an hour ;  
When workmen would work their full time ;  
When milk wasn't blue, and when beer wasn't sour,  
And oysters, though vulgar, were prime ;  
When woodcock, though rare, was quite possible fare,—  
And often I say with a sigh,  
The old-fashioned ways of the old-fashioned days  
Are things that are long gone by.



**"ON SUCH A NIGHT."**

A warm air wafts the scent of flow'rs, but not a leaf is  
stirred ;  
The brook is sliding slowly on, but not a sound is  
heard ;  
Deep slumbrous gloom obscures the dell ; but look, look  
up on high !—  
A thousand stars of heaven, love, are shining in the  
sky.

I cannot see the crimson rose, I scarce can see the white ;  
The honey-suckle must be near, though hidden from the  
sight ;  
The Mary-lilies gleam like ghosts ; the bats go flitting  
by,  
And all the stars of heaven, love, are shining in the sky.

I cannot see thy face, belov'd,—the roses that are there,  
The lilies of thy brow and neck, the lustre of thy hair.  
It is enough to hold thy hand, enough that thou art  
nigh,  
While all the stars of heaven, love, are shining in the  
sky.



THANKSGIVING AFTER VICTORY.<sup>1</sup>

THEE we praise, O King of Heaven,  
Thee we worship and adore ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Might, dominion evermore.  
We, Thy humble creatures, bending  
Low before Thine awful throne,  
Sing, in praises never ending,  
Thee, our God, and Thee alone.

Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy favour in the past.  
Guard our Church, and keep our Nation ;  
In Thy strong hand hold us fast.  
In the path our feet are treading,  
Teach us how to walk upright ;  
Justice, truth, and virtue spreading,  
Marching ever in Thy sight.

Bells, ring out from tower and steeple !  
Beacons flame along our coasts !  
Happy, happy are the people,  
Trusting in the Lord of Hosts.  
In Thine own good time and pleasure  
Bid all strife and war to cease ;  
Give Thy blessing without measure,  
Everlasting joy and peace.

<sup>1</sup> Written to the Austrian National Air.



## THE LOST POEM.

I INTENDED to write you a poem :—  
I've got a vile cold in my head ;  
And that horrible doctor—well—blow him,  
Insists on my lying in bed.  
Broiled sqle, and some thin bread and butter,  
With whisky as prime as can be ;  
And I felt I was bursting to utter  
The thoughts that were rising in me ;  
For the sole seemed to smell of the Ocean—  
Of Dover, Great Grimsby, Torquay,—  
And the whisky induced an emotion  
Like the breeze of the Hielands to me !  
That poem is lost to the nation !—  
It has vanished quite out of my head !  
I cannot recall the sensation,  
For the 'sole' and the 'spirit' are fled.

## THEY AND WE.

(AFTER WILLIAM WATSON.)

With stormy joy the elephant  
Will bolt a thousand buns ;  
The cassowary grim and gaunt  
Will swallow stones by tons ;  
Man only, after dining out,  
By intermittent throes,  
Either in fingers finds the gout  
Or finds it in his toes.



## OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOL BOARDS IN THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

III.<sup>1</sup>

(Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief.)

HEREDITY, that baleful curse no mortal can resist,  
Hath marked through many ages past the Children of the  
Mist ;

Their sires were cattle-lifters from the earliest times, I  
trow,—

That's why their offspring can't refrain from depredation  
now.

He came to visit at my house, and, much I grieve to say,  
He took a portion of an ox feloniously away ;  
His ancestors had driven off whole herds before, no  
doubt ;—

Let's hope the kleptomania was slowly dying out.

I went to ask him what he meant, but found him out of  
town ;

Returning to my humble roof, he'd been and done me  
brown ;

He'd robbed me of the daintiest bit of all the blooming lot,  
So dear to most, when spread on toast, and eaten piping  
hot.

<sup>1</sup> Numbers 1 and 2 will be found in *Interludes* (Second Series).



With rage, I ran to find him out, and lo, I found him in,  
All fast asleep and snoring loud in unrepented sin.  
The booty he had vilely gained was lying by his bed ;  
I took it up, and banged it down on his devoted head.

## MORAL.

My little dears, this man was harsh unto this erring boy.  
'Twas not his fault he stole the beef—'twas ancestral  
alloy ;  
And though he'd twice committed theft, yet still, in point  
of fact,  
The marrow bone came well within the "First Offenders'  
Act."  
Thus you may rob and rob again, and though they've  
copped you clean,  
You'll only be "bound over," dears—whatever that may  
mean.



THE LOST LEADER.<sup>1</sup>

EARLY one morning, just as the Court were sitting,

I heard a Junior whimpering, all in the second row :

“Oh, don't deceive me ; please don't go and leave me,  
How could you go and treat a poor Junior so ?

“Remember the vows that you made in consultation,  
Remember your retainer, which was special, as you  
know ;

Oh, don't deceive me ; please don't go and leave me,  
How could you go and treat a poor Junior so ?

“Oh, bad are the pleadings, and many are the pitfalls,  
And shakey are the proofs, and the witnesses may go ;  
Oh, don't deceive me ; please don't go and leave me,  
How could you go and treat a poor Junior so ?

“Suppose that the Judge should turn a little testy,  
Suppose an adverse verdict—what consequence may  
flow !

Oh, don't deceive me ; never go and leave me,  
How could you go and treat a poor Junior so ? ”

Thus sang a poor Junior, his sorrows a-bewailing,  
Thus sang a poor Junior, all in the second row :

“Oh, don't deceive me ; oh, never leave me,  
Who'd ever be a Junior to be forsaken so ? ”

<sup>1</sup> By the very kind permission of the Editor of *Punch*.



LINES BY AN ENAMOUR'D UNDER-  
GRADUATE.

(AFTER WILLIAM WATSON.)

OH, like a queen's her cycle-tread,  
And oh, the learning in her head ;  
But oh, at last, when all is said,  
Her woman's hat for me !

By college gates she dashed and veered,  
Mid "dons" that mused, and "men" that sneered,—  
A mad thing on her "bike," she steered  
So dexterous and free !

But, oh, when she began to speak,  
Her talk was Latin, mixed with Greek.  
The "men" forgot their former cheek,  
The "dons" their reverie.

And oh, her dainty cycle-tread,  
And oh, the learning in her head ;  
But, oh, her hat when all is said—  
Her hat's the thing for me



## BARRISTER'S SONG.

(AFTER SCOTT.)

WHILE the fog over London is misty and grey,  
My true love has put on his boots and away ;  
By the L.C. & D., over dale and o'er down,  
Heaven shield the brave counsel who's gone up to town !

He shall don the stuff gown, which all " Juniors " wear ;  
He shall place the curled wig on his somewhat thin hair ;  
In his bag all of red his fat briefs shall lie down ;—  
Heaven shield the brave counsel who's gone up to town !

For the rights of his client he carries that bag ;  
He follows his " leader," and shares in the swag ;  
His fee is one guinea, his clerk's half-a-crown ;—  
Heaven help the bold hero who's gone up to town !

They may boast of their Websters, their Russells, and all  
The tag-rag of Law Courts or Westminster Hall ;  
But tell those bold counsel, employed by the Crown,  
That the great Smith of Beckenham has gone up to town !

Now joy to the crest of the bold barrister,  
Be his pleading resistless, his speech without fear,  
Till home to old Beckenham once more he comes down,  
And we'll welcome the conqu'ror who's come back from  
town !



LEEDS SUMMER ASSIZE, 1872.<sup>1</sup>

“Eef ye *cood* oblige me, Mr. Field,  
 Ye’ll address yourself to *mè*,  
 And *not* to Mr. Seeymour at all,  
 For its clear ye can’t agree.  
 If I *understood* the question right,  
 He asked the witness’s naame,  
 And *I think* he may—and the Court above  
 Will say if I’m to *blaame*.

<sup>1</sup> The above picture will easily be recognized as a Caricature of a very great judge of former times drawn by a most skilful draughtsman, the late Sir Frank Lockwood. The drawing was made to illustrate the lines which are also a Caricature.



"*Weel* ye attend to the question *poot*,  
And *eef* ye *cood* speak loud,  
And let there be a leetle *less* noise,  
And please *not* to *walk* in the crowd.  
*Noo*, Mr. Waddy, if ye please,  
If ye'll *poot* the question again ;  
And *eef* ye *cood* answer slowly,  
And *eef* ye *wood* follow my pen.

" Do *not* repeat what the witness says,—  
I'm sure I've asked before ;  
It's a fault *young* Counsel have, I **know**,  
But *don't* do it any more.  
*Eef* ye *must* have the document read,  
Ye must hand it to Mr. Cox ;  
And *eef* ye *weel* know what John Jones says,  
Ye must *poot* him in the box."

Thus all night long there rings in my ears .  
A cry of "*Weel* ye attend !"  
And all night long I see a pale face  
Gnawing a quill pen's end ;  
With his wig awry, and his hand outstretched,  
As a paper or book he seizes ;  
Till at length I wake with a cry of despair—  
"*My lord*, if your lordship pleases !"



IN MEMORIAM—SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD  
Q.C., M.P.

COLD is that heart which beat so true  
For friends and for his kind ;  
Still is the hand which deftly drew  
What humour had designed ;  
Fled is the courage none could quench ;  
Closed are the witty lips ;—  
The gaiety of Bar and Bench  
Has suffered an eclipse.

A HYMN OF PRAYER AND PRAISE.

LORD, when our life is bright and clear,—  
All our desires fulfilled alway,—  
Health, riches, fame, and friends to cheer,—  
Lord, teach us *then* to pray.

Lord, when our life is clouded o'er,—  
Comfortless sorrow, darken'd days,—  
Health, riches, fame, and friends no more,—  
Lord, teach us *then* to praise.

Lord, by Thy life, which closed in death,—  
Lord, by Thy death, and life for aye,  
Here, till we draw our latest breath,  
Teach us to praise and pray.



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